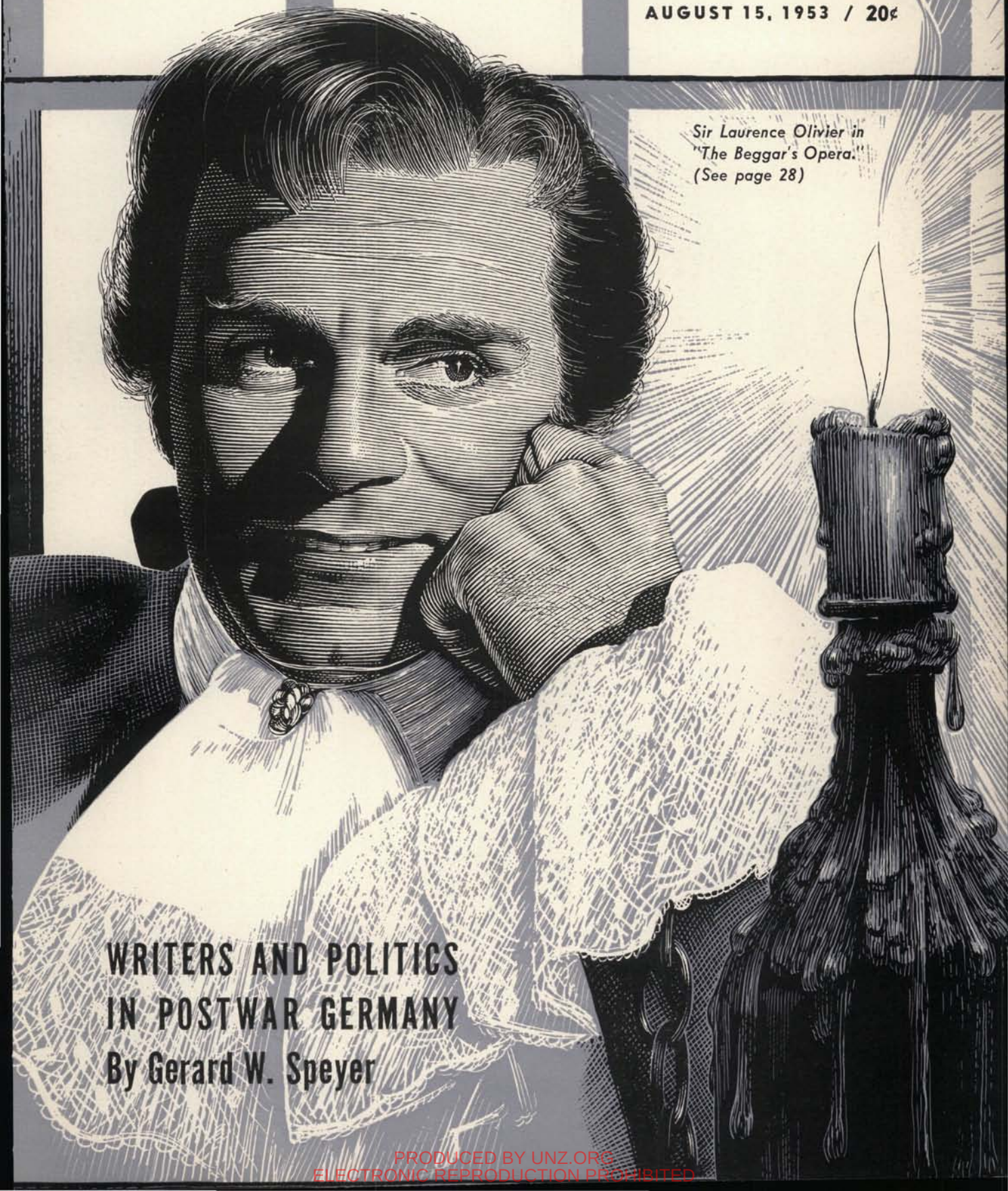
Saturday Review

AUGUST 15, 1953 / 20¢



Sir Laurence Olivier in "The Beggar's Opera."
(See page 28)

WRITERS AND POLITICS IN POSTWAR GERMANY

By Gerard W. Speyer

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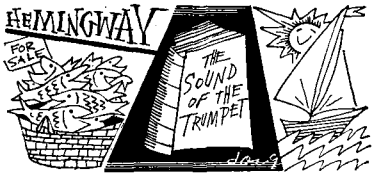
TRADE Winds

ANOTHER HEMINGWAY has written a novel. "The Sound of the Trumpet" is its name and it's by Leicester Hemingway, Ernest's younger, and only, brother. (There are four Hemingway sisters scattered from Long Island westwards as far as Honolulu, but none of them has written a novel.)

"The Sound of the Trumpet" will be published this fall by Holt, and as Bible students have already surmised, since the title comes from Jeremiah—"Thou hast heard, O my soul, the sound of the trumpet, the alarm of war"—its subject is World War II. In a documentary film unit headed by Frank Capra, Leicester Hemingway had his first acquaintance with war, and when he ended his film work he volunteered for the infantry, his acquaintance growing at once a good deal gorier. His novel, it appears, follows an Army film unit from dawn of D-Day through the end of the war and into the War Crimes investigation in Germany.

Hemingway the Younger is in his late thirties and this first novel is not his first writing. From 1937 to 1941 he was a reporter for the Chicago *Daily News,* the Philadelphia *Inquirer,* the Philadelphia *Record,* and the North American Newspaper Alliance. In 1940 *Reader's Digest* published an article he wrote about German submarine refueling bases in the Caribbean.



After the War he worked on radio intelligence for the Foreign Broadcast Intelligence unit of the FCC, and from 1948 to 1950 with the Department of State Information program. In between times he traveled a great deal, and for the past three years he has been up to some Hemingwayish doings—apart from writing novels. He is a commercial fisherman and a designer and builder of sailboats. These two activities he carries on at Turk Island in the Caribbean, near Jamaica. The fish he catches he sells in the local market, and he also takes out sailboat parties.

Ernest has not seen the ms. of Leicester's novel and, from what I'm told, may not even know it exists. According to my informant, this does not mean sibling rivalry or family feud, just a lack of communication for the time being.

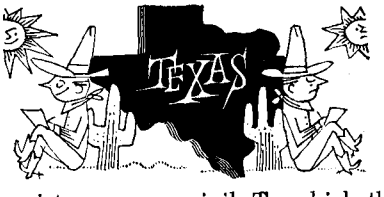
"Does this first novel," I asked, "do what so many other first novels do?"

"Try to imitate Hemingway, you mean?" my informant said. "Nope. Not a sign of the old maestro's influence."

THE MAIL BOX: The first communication to blow in this TRADE WINDY summer was from Robert Downing of Mt. Kisco, New York, who wrote, "At the outset . . . I cannot think of a thing

to be articulate, contentious, or energetic about," and then went on just to say a nice articulate, energetic and uncontentious hello. The same mail brought various other letters dealing 1) with Michener's new novel; 2) with a young girl who didn't want to go to England for the Coronation, saying, "If it's any good, it will come over here"; 3) with two books written by the two letter writers respectively; 4) with the summer issue of "The Papers of the Bibliographical Society," which contains the keys to 175 *romans à clef,* classic and modern; 5-11 incl., and all very helpful) with new books to be released soon by major and minor publishers; and 12) with the enthusiasm of Roger W. Straus, Jr. for "a book I'm plugging on another publisher's list, 'The Deep Six,' by Martin Dibner, published by Doubleday. I liked it so much I have asked Doubleday to send you . . . this first-rate war novel."

Also a politely chiding letter from J. Owen Allen, of El Paso, Texas: "One could say the trouble with civil liberties is that so many of their pro-



tagonists are so uncivil. To which the protagonists would reply, 'It's the antagonists to civil liberties who are uncivil.' Perhaps we could settle with: Too many people are taking liberties with civil liberties." But another kind of Texan went to his portable in San Antonio and slapped down a thousand

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—which last I took to be a typographical error. Glancing on, however, I found that "litterature" was standard. So was everything else in the document. Query to *SR* Circulation Department: How cross-sectiony can your subscriptions and newsstand sales get?

SEVEN YEARS AGO Houghton Mifflin Co., of Boston, published its Fellowship Award winner and knew that it had discovered a major novelist. The book was "The Street," by Ann Petry, the street being 116th Street in Harlem, the story being an electrifying mixture of violence and compassion. "The Street" not only received what's called instant acclaim by the critics; it sold 47,345 copies in the bookstores and just about 1,100,000 in reprints. Mrs. Petry's next novel, "Country Place," did less spectacularly in its regular edition but in reprint sold 972,500. And now, this week, comes her third novel, "The Narrows," for which her publishers anticipate an even larger future.

As this is written "The Narrows" remains unknown to me, except that an H.M. announcement says it's "a love story of two people who did not realize in the first moments of inescapable attraction that they are of different races." But having read just about every word Ann Petry has published, including her stories, a juvenile called "The Drug Store Cat," and the magnificent piece on Harlem she did for *Holiday* magazine's special New York number a couple of years back, I anticipate a good deal myself. In a letter I wrote her last winter I asked for news about the new novel. She had finished it, she wrote back (long-distance phone calls between two authors do seem to run into lots of money), "But I couldn't take time out to gloat over those two lovely words, 'The End,' because last year . . . I contracted with McGraw-Hill to do a biography of Harriet Tubman, who was a conductor on the underground railroad, leading 300 slaves to freedom, sometimes by brandishing a revolver over the heads of the more timid ones. My deadline for it is staring me in the eye and I'm only halfway through . . . I've become an expert on 1) slavery, 2) the Civil War, 3) Tidewater Maryland, 4) Upstate New York, 5) Canada, and Heaven knows what else. I know more American history than I've ever known, and shall never never never again do a biography of anybody."

Ann Petry lives in Old Saybrook, Connecticut; she was born and brought up there. Her father owned a pharmacy; she herself is a graduate pharmacist and started her working career by making up prescriptions, a rather unhackneyed preparation for writing, you must agree. In 1938, with her husband, George Petry, an advertising man, she moved to New York, saw Harlem at first hand while she worked for papers and social agencies there, wrote the passionate protest that established her reputation, and then moved back to her home town in New England as fast as she could. "The Narrows" is her longest novel; she has been at it for five years.

THE INDEFATIGABLE Thomas Costain, who writes huge bestsellers like "The Black Rose" and "The Silver Chalice" at one of the highest frequency rates in modern publishing, and somehow manages to sandwich in solidly researched volumes on English history, was approached several months ago by Twentieth Century-Fox with an out-of-the-blue proposition: Would Mr. Costain like to do a novel on Attila the Hun for Twentieth for large quantities of dough?

Mr. Costain, flattered though he was, said he wouldn't want to do anything of the kind; that he wanted to pick his own subjects, write what he pleased, how he pleased, and that any movie sale that came his way—a good many have—would have to come after his publishers, Doubleday, had at least got his book into galleys. Having said which, he abandoned his work on the history of Canada, which Doubleday will publish as "The White and the Gold," abandoned it just long enough to look into the story of Attila. "There's a good book there," he decided, and promptly went back to Canada.

Perhaps Twentieth kept on brooding about how Attila's hordes would look charging in Cinemascope across the new wide screen; at any rate, Twentieth did not drop "the scourge of God" at all. At last, with Carl Brandt as literary agent, a more satisfying set-up was arrived at. Mr. Costain was to write his book as a book and not as a potential movie; Twentieth was to get first look at the completed ms. and if it liked what it saw would then buy it for $100,000. In the meantime, and by way of binding Mr. Costain's interest in his novel's Cinemascopic future, $10,000 in option money was laid on the line. Mr. Costain is already doing his research, which means that Attila the Hun will be charging into the bookstores of the nation sometime next year.

—LAURA Z. HOBSON.

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The Saturday Review

AUGUST 15, 1953

WRITERS AND POLITICS IN POSTWAR GERMANY

Newspaper reports from Germany tell of a rise in neo-Nazi sentiment. In this account of postwar German political writing Gerard Speyer analyzes some of the literary wellsprings of that sentiment. Mr. Speyer spent the immediate postwar years as a political analyst with U.S. Military Government in Berlin. More recently he has worked as the New York correspondent for Der Tagesspiegel, *a daily paper published in West Berlin.*

By GERARD SPEYER

THE trends of political writings in postwar Germany have followed pretty closely the pendulum movements of our German policy. During the first three years of the occupation, when denazification, demilitarization, and dismantling were the chief watchwords, German publishers produced a flood of resistance and concentration-camp literature. Neither its creative nor its historical value was very great. It was natural and salutary enough that political persecutees, freshly liberated, should give vent to their pent-up feelings. With few exceptions, their accounts were truthful, highly personal, and rather undistinguished. Because militarist and Nazi writers were blacklisted in those days, anti- or non-Nazi writers —most of them non-professionals— had the field pretty much to themselves.

When the Allied ardor to denazify subsided—German non-compliance with this policy had a good deal to do with its painful agony—the tone and substance of political writings also changed. The generals started to cash in on the general revulsion to Hitler, if not to National Socialism. This new trend was started by "respectable" officers who had participated, with varying methods and motives, in a number of anti-Hitler intrigues, notably the *putsch* of July 20, 1944. Their accounts were characterized by backbiting and backsliding. And the intramural fight of these apostates closely resembled that of our own ex-Communists: interminable and heated arguments centered on the reasons and the timing of their defection. When Allied policy finally demanded Germany's integration into a European defense community, a new crop of books appeared. The ranks of ex-generals, turned authors, were joined by politicians. The most prominent exponents of this group were Franz von Papen and Hjalmar Schacht, both acquitted by the Nuremberg Military Tribunal. With a new German army becoming a reality and the formation of a new Bonn foreign office progressing rapidly, the honor of both professional groups had to be resurrected. Politicians and soldiers, pen and sword at hand, devoted themselves to this task with gloating alacrity. They are still doing it today.

If the identity and viewpoint of these authors changed sharply during the last eight years, the form these writings took remained the same. Nearly everyone wrote his memoirs. But in contrast to the memoirs of American statesmen, diplomats, and generals, the Germans produced at best documentary journalism. Its historical accuracy and scholarship were highly dubious, as Sir Lewis Namier recently pointed out so helpfully in his short book "In the Nazi Era." Sir Lewis terms these volumes "romanticized biographies," and what strikes him as most odd is how many of these former members of the German civil service, with its reputation for meticulous accuracy, are staggeringly inaccurate, even where no political purposes operate to furbish up tarnished reputations. Namier's British colleague H. R. Trevor-Roper is only slightly less unsparing in his condemnation of these books, based as they are on twisted or insufficient

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evidence. As an extenuating circumstance he points to the important fact that most German archives are now in Allied hands.

THE Bonn government, it is true, is now subsidizing a National Archives Institute in Munich which is to collect and edit Nazi documents. This group resorted, as its first venture, to the extraordinary device of prepublishing "Hitler's Tabletalks" in a popular illustrated weekly—a pulp rather than slick magazine—in order to attract a mass audience for these minutes of the Führer's doubletalk. (This would be like publishing the record of the National Security Council sessions, presided over by Truman, in the pages of *True Confessions.*) But few Germans invested in the permanent possession of this historical record: the book in hard covers sold only six thousand copies. Another illustrated weekly, whose circulation has reached the 400,000 mark, recently serialized the story of Hitler's life. The instalments appear innocuous enough after the sordid details of Magda Goebbels's, Eva Braun's, and Emmy Goering's intimacies, which had been spread over similar tabloid pages during recent years. The circulation figures of these periodicals and the box-office success of such pictures as "Desert Fox," first banned and later released in Germany, attest the large following of these and similar offerings. The mass media have set and exploited the popular trend toward this political *colportage* more than books. Such stories are, of course, more distinguished by the soothing than the enlightening effect they have for the reader. Comfort is more important than truth. Clearly, little consolation can be derived from Hitler himself. As a result eight years after V-E Day not one single good German biography of the Führer is yet available.

But among all of these *livres d'occasion*, as Trevor-Roper has called them for good reason, there is at least one outstanding bestseller. During 1951 Ernst von Salomon's "Der Fragebogen" went through three printings in four months, even though this 600-page [illegible] for close to twenty marks. By now over two hundred thousand copies have been sold in Germany and popular low-priced reprints are available. "The Questionnaire" has already made its appearance in London, Paris, and Milan, and an American edition is in preparation.

With much braggadocio and circumstantiality—forty pages being devoted to his "Aryan" and aristocratic genealogy—the fifty-year-old author answers the 131 questions in an exhaustive personal questionnaire (reproduced in facsimile in the German edition) that all Germans playing any part in public life had to fill out for the enlightenment of Military Government. Under the Weimar Republic Ernst von Salomon had been sentenced to five years in the penitentiary for having helped plan the murder of Walter Rathenau. This deed—called "a question of temperament" by one of his former accomplices—is considered to have been "all in all, an act of adolescence" by Salomon himself and "the prank of a foolish boy" by Ille, his Jewish mistress. Salomon started out in life as a naval cadet, then, having missed action in the 1914 war, he served with Captain Ehrhardt's Freikorps in Poland and Silesia; after his prison term he made a career for himself as a writer of books and movie scripts.

FOR all his nationalism, Salomon was never a member of the Nazi Party. During the dozen years of the Thousand Year Reich he lived well with his witty paramour Ille, who unaccountably married a business friend of the author's after V-E Day. "Oh, we lived well [under the Nazis]," he writes. "A little madly, but well. We drank and ate immoderately, like the capitalists. . . . I confess that I did not once think of those contemporaries of mine who were then in concentration camps—as little as they had thought of me while I was in the penitentiary." The couple had a few brushes with the Nazis but did not undergo any great physical or financial hardship. This son of a small Prussian civil servant believed in the Twenties that the *déclassés* were the only people truly interested in overcoming class-warfare. This group, he writes, had neither property nor an organization but was about to acquire both under Hitler. And Von Salomon, it is true, did find both prosperity and possessions under Hitler. He writes with rare and real warmth about his country house and car with its "chromium-plated snout." The political activist, the armed insurgent, the revolutionary journalist, and former convict

(*Continued on page* 39)

For Jan Struther

(*July 20, 1953*)

By Marshall Best

HEATHER and woodsmoke in the salt air blended.
April, behind the shrewd eyes of September,
Flashed with a gentle thunder.

Done with the grace of sitting by the fire,
She chose a hemisphere for her horizon
And sallied out Columbus-wise, alone,
To make the new her known.

She heard the tedious watch-tick of the world,
Found hope-in-sorrow in the daily grind.
Dogs cherished; children doted. Mother-wit
Sweetened her lively mind.

Gamesman of knowledgeable ploys, she won
At who-am-I and learned invitation,
Laughed and made laughter with the seekers after
Unchanneled information;

Took pride in pilaff or in paragraph,
Delight in lyric or in lexicon,
Pleasure to round a phrase or turn a sonnet,
And joy in a new bonnet.

Watching the bright mimetic imp at play,
We felt the pinprick of her sabre-stroke,
Saw monuments demolished with one finger
To ease her generous anger.

Knowing the pain, seeing the fun that kindled
April behind those shrewd eyes of September,
Loving the cool wit and the warm heart under,
How could we not remember!

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A Frenchman Meets the Flesh

"Savage Play," by Paul Colin *(translated by Alfred van Ameyden van Duym. E. P. Dutton. 382 pp. $3.95), a tale of a group of wild adolescents and their difficulties in settling down to a workaday adult life, suggests that a revival of romanticism is under way in French fiction.*

By Henri Peyre

THE most coveted of the French literary prizes, the Prix Goncourt, was bestowed upon Paul Colin's "Savage Play" in 1950. The award then aroused vehement discussion and not a little dissent. For it is anything but a faultless novel. Its technique is conventional, often crude. Yet it reveals a true novelist's temperament and a rich, if often misused, imaginative gift. M. Colin is not, unlike many French novelists, a moralist or an essayist resorting to the novel because analytical literature and epigrammatic wisdom are less in favor nowadays.

The scene of the first and third parts of the book is the region south of the Loire, the Sologne, which is depicted with vividness by an author obviously in love with it. There is no mellow sweetness about the dense forests and marshes of that wild district, very different from the garden of France nearer to the Loire valley. François, the narrator, grew up there as the son of a wealthy landowner. His mother, left a widow while still very young, a woman of unusual beauty, eloped with Baron Herber who lived in the neighboring castle and loved to tame mares, and women.

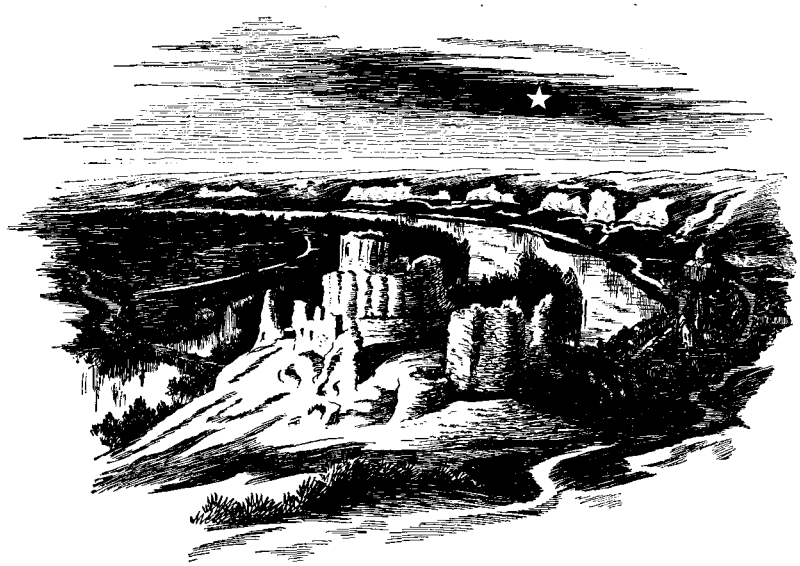
The Baron left behind not only his uninteresting wife but his two children, Jean-Jacques and his sister Claude, then in their early teens. A girl friend, Denise, is spending the summer vacation with them when François joins them. The four make up a gang intoxicated with their freedom and inordinately fond of violence. They wrench the necks of chickens and pheasants with their teeth, delight in spilling their blood, fight with the village children, lash each other, nude, with whips and chains to seal their compact of loyalty. Their savage play bears no similarity to the ideal of tidiness and orderliness which generations of French mothers have attempted to teach their progeny, repeating to them daily: "Be reasonable!"

Such an education of nature makes the four adolescents unfit for normal and practical life. They will not consent to forget the splendor of their years of impetuous freedom and settle down to conventionality. After the war François studies in Paris, meets Claude again and is both attracted by her wild nature and repelled by something obstinate and untamed in her. He also visits Denise, who has little will of her own and whose extraordinary beauty is content with giving and receiving happiness. François marries her, takes her to his Sologne estate, where he devotes himself to improving the land.

MEANWHILE Claude, upset by the death of her brother in a fit of savage frenzy, gives free rein to her own fury. She rides alone in the woods, sleeps in the stable next to her favorite horse, fights against François when he tries to rescue her from her savagery. She has loved him ever since their wild childhood, but she has never learned tenderness and submits to him only after François has forced her to stoop and serve, through violent slaps on her face and the cracking of his whip on her body. Only thus is her malignant demon at last exorcized. She will, a tamed Amazon, be taken into the household of masterly François and of voluptuous Denise. The reader is left to imagine how infernal that triangular ménage may soon become.

"Savage Play" is obviously not a faithful portrayal of the life of French aristocrats. It is a romantic and even a Byronic tale, in which characters are hunted by some mysterious and fateful force. It is far too long, with superfluous dialogue, endless letters of confession, and an orgy of exclamations and apostrophes. The second part, which takes place in Paris, often sounds strained and false. The philosophy imposed upon the story, which proclaims the dreams of childhood as truer than real life and quotes from Ecclesiastes and Novalis, is unconvincing. Alain-Fournier, in his novel "The Wanderer," which remains as a prototype to many tales of childhood, has portrayed with far more delicacy the inability of men whose childhood had been too beautiful ever to become reconciled with adult life.

But the merit of the novel lies in its evocation of nature and in its pagan worship of feminine beauty. The author becomes rapturous when he describes the soft voluptuousness of Denise, the harmony of her body and the poetry of her figure. Paul Colin has happily blended three motives which are equally dear to French novelists: attachment to an estate and to a family inheritance, regret for the child's world and its visionary innocence which later life never can recapture, adoration of love and of the flesh. "Savage Play," like several other recent novels from France ("Le Dieu, Nu," by Margerit, "La Farandole," by Brincourt, Nimier's novels) points to a revival of romanticism in French fiction.



—From "All Men Have Loved Thee."

". . . no mellow sweetness about . . . that wild district."

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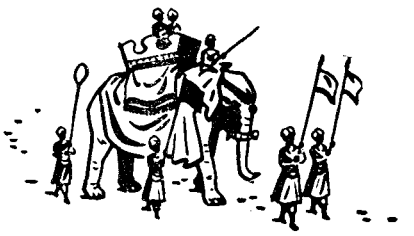
Generations in Sind

Pearl Buck's "Come, My Beloved" *(John Day, 311 pp. $3.75) continues the Nobel Prize winner's consideration of the role of the American missionary, but this time the setting is India.*

By John Frederick Muehl



—From the jacket of "Come, My Beloved."

IT IS Jatin, in the last chapter of Pearl Buck's latest novel, who speaks most clearly to the point of the whole book, when he says in accepting his own misfortunes, "Time and the generations work together with fate." For it is of time and the generations that Mrs. Buck has written in her fictional chronicle of the family MacArd. And it is the sense of fate, for the MacArds and the rest of us, that gives "Come, My Beloved" its force and meaning.

David Hardworth MacArd is an American phenomenon. He is that self-made man of the nineteenth century who is so simply convinced of the rightness of his own values that he feels bound to impose them upon a backward world. As a memorial to his wife, MacArd envisages a training school for semi-secular missionaries who will go out in the world as apostles of Christianity and, almost equally, of MacArd's own philosophy and economics. Yet sacrifice is the last thing that MacArd is prepared for and when his only son decides to go to India, he bitterly withdraws from the scheme, and from the world, and defaults all leadership in favor of his son.

It is upon young David, therefore, that the story devolves, and upon his efforts suddenly to transcend his limitations as a young, weak man, as the father of his son, most of all, perhaps, as a Westerner in India. Yet inevitably the young David himself grows older and as inevitably his own attitudes and opinions crystallize until finally he is as unprepared for the ambitions of his own son as his father had proved himself years before. To Ted, being a missionary is somehow not enough; he has lived much in India and is attuned to its ambitions, to its growing nationalism, to its yearnings for freedom, most of all to the doctrine of the rising Gandhi. And so the cycle is completed. Ted leaves his father and with his bride settles down in the village of Vhai to work out as he must his own salvation and to breed still another generation of MacArds. Thus the story closes, on the nearly ironic note of Ted's own inability to understand his children, and with the assurance to the reader that the vision of the young is as natural and inevitable as the blindness of the old.

The limitations of the book are perhaps implicit in all this. Some four generations within three hundred pages is indeed a pace which makes great economies necessary, even to the abruptness of certain scenes and the abortion of some characters. Livy, for example, is more a promise than a fulfilment, and even Ruth is at best a rather pleasant stranger. Perhaps the design of the book demands this, but the problem for writer and reader is still there.

In any case, it seems obvious that in "Come, My Beloved" Mrs. Buck has achieved what she wanted to achieve. Within the limits of the form she has presented a story which is a very cogent argument for her very plausible optimism.

Mathematical Morals

Bertrand Russell's "Satan in the Suburbs and Other Stories" *(Simon & Schuster, 148 pp. $3) is the octogenarian philosopher's debut in the short-story form—five tales in which ideas and fantasy are combined.*

By William Peden

BERTRAND RUSSELL, now in his eighty-first year, disavows all seriousness of purpose in his pleasantly disarming preface to his collection of five unusual short stories, "Satan in the Suburbs." Suddenly, he relates, "for some reason entirely unknown to me I . . . wished to write the stories in this volume." They are not intended to be realistic or point a moral, he continues; if they are either interesting or amusing, they will have served their purpose.

Interesting and amusing they are—and a good deal more. Taken simply as tales of melodrama and adventure, "Satan in the Suburbs" is a pleasant, if somewhat longwinded, excursion into the past. These stories are as consciously mannered as an eighteenth-century formal garden, as brightly artificial as a merry-go-round horse. Lord Russell makes elaborate use of the complicated narrative methods of the romancers of the past: stories within stories within stories, deathbed confessions, measured rhetorical declamations, startling excerpts from secret journals, and the like. His subject matter, too, would delight a "Monk" Lewis or a Wilkie Collins; diabolical hatreds, fantastic revenges, and violent crimes are the woof and warp of these stylized stories. One properly should read them by candlelight, in a ruined chapel, while the howl of a werewolf floats hideously across a dank and troubled tarn.

Beneath their extravagance of method and substance, however, these stories are illuminated by the cool, enlightened, skeptical presence of one of the great minds of our times. The title story is characteristic of the whole. Dr. Murdoch Mallako, the evil genius of "Satan in the Suburbs," has become maddened by injustices he suffered as a child. He seeks to destroy that "colossal mistake," mankind, by appealing to the evil passions which lurk within his intended victims. The narrator of the tale is appalled by the wickedness which Dr. Mallako unearths. Disillusioned, he plans to destroy the world; ultimately, however, he transfers his hatred to Mallako. This kind of befuddled intellectual—more dangerous than the

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atom bombs with which he plays—reappears in all of Lord Russell's stories: as a bigoted minister who maintains to his child that Elisha was right to curse the children who, as a result of the curse, were torn to shreds by she-bears; as the confused scientist who destroys himself because he is unable to decide to support wicked men to good ends, or good men to the destruction of the world; as the pious academicians whose blind devotion to moral principles enables them to inflict "torture without compunction." Lord Russell pitilessly exposes the evil of self righteousness, the sin of pride, the horror resulting when feeble man tries to play God.

We are not to accept at face value, then, the author's statement that each of these tales was written for its own sake, "simply as a story." If this be accurately stated, then "Volpone" is high comedy, "Rasselas" a novel of manners, and "Candide" a picaresque romance. Rather, it is the continuous dualism, the interplay of the silly and the serious, which makes "Satan in the Suburbs" both an entertaining and a significant collection of short stories.

In the Days of Vicky

Angela Thirkell's "Coronation Summer" *(Alfred A. Knopf. 196 pp. $4) is the first American publication of a 1937 novel about the coronation of Queen Victoria as seen through the eyes of county gentry.*

By Harvey Curtis Webster

ONE of Angela Thirkell's most sympathetically drawn characters (Mrs. Villars in "Northbridge Rectory") wishes that people could be nice as well as good and looks at things in general with a "loving dislike." Though Mrs. Thirkell is much too gifted a novelist to reproduce herself exactly in any character, one suspects that she comes very close to agreeing with Mrs. Villars. Few of her characters are both nice and good; none of them nor the world they made and were made by is treated with a love that is entirely separable from intelligent dislike.

Mrs. Thirkell's attitude of mind leads to satire that is neither too gentle nor too severe, to the kind of amused indigation and tolerance one discovers in Jane Austen's earlier novels. Since the people, the times, and the places she dislikes and loves are neither ordinary nor extraordinary, her books are always easy to get into and pleasant to live within. She is not nor does she try to be a "major" writer, but she has succeeded in creating a literary province quite as distinctive as that of Trollope or Hardy.

"Coronation Summer," a novel of 1838 first published in England in 1937, charmingly shows us Queen Victoria's coronation through the eyes of Fanny Harcourt, a delightfully unsophisticated Victorian woman who has just enough malicious insight to make her view of events and people interesting. Through her the reader goes to the boat races, sees the coronation parade superintended by the newly created police force, listens to literary gossip about the marvelous Lydia Landon and the disgracefully frank Mrs. Norton, observes the conflicts between snobs and commoners, picks up a lot of out-of-the-way information about the usual lives of the county gentry and those they willingly or reluctantly encounter. Of course, there is a love affair too, in which Mr. Darnley, who has a habit of knocking out the discourteous, wins out over Mr. Vavasour, an Oxonian whose ringleted head is as full of advanced opinions about Turner and his ilk as his heart is full of avaricious deceit.

"Pleasant" and "charming" are the adjectives that keep coming to mind as one thinks of "Coronation Summer," but the book is much too shrewd to be charged with sentimentality, the word that frequently accompanies these others. The style is appropriate to the indubitably sentimental narrator, Fanny Harcourt, and to her period, yet it manages also to convey the distinctive irony of Mrs. Thirkell. After her marriage Fanny writes:

My brothers will always be welcome here, and as for Papa,

(*Continued on page* 38)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

BIRTH CERTIFICATES

Autobiographies, novels, even poems occasionally open with a forthright "I was born." Below are ten such beginnings, several of which contain their own clues to authorship. You are asked to identify the work and the writer in each instance. Six correct answers are pretty good, seven rather better, and eight or more will qualify you as a recorder of vital statistics. Answers on page 16.

1. I was born October 2, 1871, in Overton County, Tennessee, on the ridge between the Wolf and Obed Rivers, among the foothills of the Cumberland Mountains.
2. I was born in a valley not very remote from the sea.
3. I was born in the northern part of this united kingdom, in the house of my grandfather; a gentleman of considerable fortune and influence, who had, on many occasions, signalised himself in behalf of his country; and was remarkable for his abilities in the law, which he exercised with great success, in the station of a judge, particularly against beggars, for whom he had a singular aversion.
4. I was born in Belfast between the mountains and the gantries
   To the hooting of lost sirens and the clang of trams.
5. I was born at the southeast corner of Elm and Church Streets, in New Haven, Connecticut, on Monday the second of January, 1865.
6. I was born on the prairie and the milk of its wheat, the red of its clover, the eyes of its women, gave me a song and a slogan.
7. I was born in the year 1632, in the city of York, of a good family, though not of that country, my father being a foreigner of Bremen, named Kreutznaer, who settled first at Hull.
8. I was born February 10, 1868, between nine and ten o'clock of a Thursday morning at Emporia, Kansas.
9. I was born on January 14th, 1875, at Kaysersberg in Upper Alsace.
10. I was born in San Francisco, California. I have in consequence always preferred living in a temperate climate but it is difficult, on the continent of Europe or even in America, to find a temperate climate and live in it.

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Beware That Red November

"Modern Russian Literature: From Chekhov to the Present," by Marc Slonim *(Oxford University Press. 467 pp. $6.80) and* ***"Through the Glass of Soviet Literature," edited by Ernest J. Simmons*** *(Columbia University Press. 301 pp. $4.50) are scholarly literary studies that will help us understand contemporary Soviet policy. Professor Spector, who appraises them here, is a member of the staff of the Far Eastern and Russian Institute of the University of Washington.*

By Ivar Spector

THOSE Americans who for years have fought an uphill battle to convince political scientists, historians, and economists that Soviet literature provides an indispensable key to an understanding of Soviet domestic and foreign policies will face a lighter task in the future. The appearance of two up-to-date works in Soviet literature, which complement one another and reach substantially the same conclusions, should fill many gaps in our knowledge of the Soviet world and stimulate further publication in this important, but largely neglected and misunderstood field.

Marc Slonim's "Modern Russian Literature: From Chekhov to the Present" is an "organic sequel" to his "The Epic of Russian Literature: From Its Origins through Tolstoy (1950). It is unquestionably the best survey of the literature of this period in English to date. Obviously, it is the product of many years of study and research during the author's sojourn in St. Petersburg, Prague, Paris, and the United States. The material is arranged chronologically and topically, with some chapters devoted to individual authors and others to literary movements or historical backgrounds. It will meet the demands of those who prefer the traditional Russian approach to literature, with emphasis on social and political backgrounds, as well as of American scholars who stress literary techniques.

The Populist movement of nineteenth-century Russia provides the background for this volume. According to Mr. Slonim, all subsequent literary movements, including the Decadents, the Symbolists, the Acmeists, the Futurists, and even to a certain extent recent Soviet writers, have drawn heavily upon the ideas of the Populists. In fact, even Dostoievsky is presented here as "a religious Populist." Interestingly enough, we find that the very writers who were in revolt against the Russian classics always returned for inspiration to Gogol, Dostoievsky, and Tolstoy.

Since Mr. Slonim is, in general, historically minded, it is surprising that he dismissed Mayakovsky's "Mystery-Bouffe" merely as a propaganda play and overlooked an opportunity to present it as a text for the Third International. The American reader would have been interested in a comparison of the state of mind of the Russian intellectual emerging from the Bolshevik Revolution, as presented in "Mystery-Bouffe," and the outlook a quarter of a century later of the young couple who survived the Battle of Stalingrad, as depicted in Konstantin Simonov's "Days and Nights," to which Slonim devotes but three lines.

It is questionable whether, as Professor Slonim claims, the Russian masses at the time of the Revolution "were more advanced politically and socially than the intellectuals, their former preceptors of Socialism." On the contrary, as in the Decembrist Movement of 1825, it seems more likely that the intellectuals overestimated the intelligence of the masses.

Although Mr. Slonim is more at home with the pre-Revolutionary literature, he has evinced great skill in handling the works of the Soviet period, to which he devotes approximately half of his book. Literally scores of Soviet writers pass in review as Mr. Slonim presents not only the historical background, but also a keen analysis of their leading works. After a perusal of the biographical sketches of many Soviet writers presented here, one is tempted to classify them in three main categories: those who have been liquidated or committed suicide, those who are being liquidated, and those whose turn is yet to come.

THE book brings Soviet literature up to 1953. Yet it includes no mention of G. M. Malenkov's pronouncement at the Nineteenth Party Congress on October 5, 1952, which amounted to an official ban on negative leading characters in Soviet literature. Until the Party line in literature veers once again the new Soviet man *must* be depicted as a positive character.

In contrast to Slonim's broad survey of twentieth-century Russian and Soviet literature, "Through the Glass of Soviet Literature," the useful volume edited by Ernest J. Simmons, is

—*Sovfoto.*

Chekhov and Gorky—"intellectuals overestimated the intelligence of the masses."

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prising six studies of specific aspects of Soviet literature. Although most of the material in this collection has been known to a few scholars in the field, its organization and presentation here are a distinct contribution to the scholar and general reader.

One essay certain to arouse interest is "Marxian Woman: Soviet Variants," by Louise E. Luke, which traces the evolution and status of the Soviet woman from extreme regimentation to a modicum of emancipation, in which once again she becomes a woman and a mother. One wishes that the author had taken cognizance of the recently expressed aspiration of Soviet woman in a so-called proletarian state for a husband above and beyond the ranks of the plain working man.

BERNARD F. CHOSEED's "Jews in Soviet Literature," although not entirely up-to-date, is of special interest to Americans concerned with minority problems. It is of particular value because the author, in addition to Russian sources, has had access to Yiddish literature published in the Soviet Union. The impression is given that assimilation is proceeding so rapidly that unless present trends are reversed there soon will be neither Jews nor Yiddish literature in the USSR.

The extent to which the theatre educates and indoctrinates the younger generation in the Soviet Union is well illustrated by Gene Sosin's article, "The Children's Theatre and Drama in Soviet Education." Never intended merely to entertain Soviet kiddies, the Children's Theatre indoctrinates them on the latest issues of domestic and international concern and seeks to immunize them against foreign propaganda.

Of the two remaining studies "The Tragedy of a Soviet Satirist: The Case of Zoshchenko," by Rebecca A. Domar, typifies the plight, sooner or later, of most Soviet writers and composers. Robert M. Hankin's "Postwar Soviet Ideology and Literary Scholarship" sums up much of the discussion on this subject during recent years.

All in all, these are timely and highly readable books. Americans may follow in them, reflected as in a mirror, all the major twists and turns of Soviet policy from 1917 to 1953. Once they are persuaded of the value of this approach to Soviet literature, they have opened the door to a wealth of primary source material in the form of drama, fiction, and poetry which will form the basis for significant sociological and political, as well as cultural, studies of the Soviet Union.

Plotting Under the Urals

"New Russian Stories," translated and edited by B. G. Guerney (New Directions, 240 pp. $3.75) is a collection of short tales selected not for their political lesson, but merely because they appealed to their widely-read editor. Marc Slonim, who discusses it below, is a member of the faculty of Sarah Lawrence College and the author of "Modern Russian Literature: From Chekhov to the Present," reviewed in this issue.

By Marc Slonim

ALMOST every anthology of modern Russian prose has some special aim: it either strives to offer a reflection of Soviet life or to enlighten the English-speaking reader on various problems of Communism. In accordance with its ends, the editor usually selects his material for its illustrative rather than literary value. In most cases the sociological point of view prevails, and novels and tales are presented as the landmarks in the political and economic history of Soviet society, as was done by Joshua Kunitz in his "Russian Literature Since the Revolution." Mr. Kunitz's choice was influenced not by readability or artistic merit but by "typicality"—which meant that the selection quite often was dull and of but little esthetic significance. The topical anthologies are constructed along similar lines; for example, "Russia Laughs," by John Cournos, and "The Night of the Summer Solstice," by Mark Van Doren. Only some general anthologies of Russian literature which also include (usually in a very small proportion) stories by Soviet authors present any exception, as in the case of Avrahm Yarmolinsky's "Best Russian Stories."

Bernard G. Guerney has edited two previous anthologies: the bulky and comprehensive "Treasury of Russian Literature" (1943) from its origin to date, and "The Portable Russian Reader" (1947), two-thirds of which is devoted to pre-Revolutionary letters. A veteran translator from the Russian, it is Guerney's whimsical boast the authors he has Englished range alphabetically from A to Z, while spatially his published translations outstrip Dr. Eliot's famous five-feet shelf of books by two and three-quarters feet.

It is evident that for his latest collection, "New Russian Stories," Mr. Guerney has selected those he liked—with no other purpose or ulterior motive. Yet although there is apparently no connecting thread in this rather motley assortment, the book has its own unity and reveals the editor's intent. He obviously wished to avoid any propaganda or even semi-propaganda pieces, and he shied away from the monotonous platitudes of the officially imposed—and accepted—pattern of Socialist Realism. Here is the first collection of Soviet stories without the threadbare themes of industrialization, collectivization, socialist competition, and so forth, and without virtuous Party secretaries who marry Stakhanovite heroines under icons of the Communist Holy Trinity —Marx, Lenin, and Stalin.

TO perform his miracle Mr. Guerney limited his choice primarily to the authors who belonged to the pre-Revolutionary intelligentsia, who wrote in the Twenties and early Thirties, when controls were not as rigid as today and vestiges of Romanticism and certain forms of poetic self-expression were still tolerated. As a result "New Russian Stories" presents a large group of Soviet writers whom the Communist critics have dubbed "enemies of the people" or "depraved formalists." There is the highly erudite Yuri Tynianov, for instance, whose historical grotesque, "Second Lieutenant Likewise," about an imaginary officer of the Imperial Guard who was called into existence by an absurd slip of a harried clerk's

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quill, and which inspired a ballet with music, by Prokofiev, is one of the best tales in this collection. "Big Heart," a symbolic tale of Englishmen in a Mongolia seething with Soviet agents and Chinese Nationalists, was written by Vogau ("Boris Pilniak"), who was liquidated during the purges of the late Thirties. Another of Guerney's favorites, Isaac Babel, whom Gorky once compared with Maupassant, is represented here by an exceedingly amusing Odessa story, "The King." The hilarious "Sleuth Hound" sketch is from the pen of Michael Zoshchenko, the Russian combination of Damon Runyan and Ring Lardner, who was banned from the Soviet press in 1946 for his caustic satires against the ignorance and coarseness of the Soviet middle class. Whether we are offered a Russian version of Fenimore Cooper (widely read in the Soviet Union) in Fraerman's Siberian tale about a Tungus pathfinder, ("The Expedition") or an ironic story about a Moscow intellectual who saw the Prince of Darkness in an old billy-goat (A. Tolstoy's "Fusty Devil"), there is always a Romantic glow about the narration, a twist in the plot, a display of wit and fancy.

ONE might object that these stories are not typical of the present-day Soviet assembly-line production and represent byroads rather than transcountry highway. But there are times when the most valuable things must be looked for away from the obvious hustle and bustle of the main street. My only objection is the inclusion of certain second-rate authors such as Zozulia and Sobol, when Guerney was surely familiar with such excellent storytellers as Prishvin, Leonov, Olesha, and Katayev.

The editor apparently was so reluctant to tread on the dangerous grounds of politics that he has omitted mentioning in his biographical notes the fact that most of his authors were heretics and subversives, and that some of them were imprisoned, exiled, or liquidated, and their very names suppressed from contemporary surveys of Soviet literature. I cannot see any reason why such facts should be passed over in such curious silence. This, however, does not detract by any means from the readableness of this unusually interesting and extremely lively collection.

Unruly Subjects of Great Russia

"The Shadow of Power," by Chingis Guirey *(Bobbs-Merrill. 315 pp. $4) is a diagnosis of what makes the Russians behave the way they do by an exile from the USSR who is opposed to the Great Russian hegemony over his homeland. Here it is reviewed by George Fischer, author of "Soviet Opposition to Stalin," who served as a U. S. Army liaison officer in the USSR during World War II.*

By George Fischer

A NEW GROUP has recently become vocal whenever the problem of the Russians is being discussed. They are the "separatists," the nationalist segment of non-Great Russian exiles from the Soviet area.

The "separatists" advocate absolute and immediate independence for their own particular border area of the USSR. At the same time they assert as indisputable facts that Great Russians have throughout their history been expansionist as well as habitually despotic and submissive to despotism. If only the Great Russians could be curbed and isolated, the emigré "separatists" argue, the world would be rid of the Communist menace. The most active spokesmen for this Russophobe separatism have emanated from Galicia, the smaller, Catholic, and, until 1939, Polish-held part of the Ukraine. Their doctrine was set forth in a book published last year, "The Nationality Problem of the Soviet Union and Russian Communist Imperialism," by Roman Smal-Stotskyi of Marquette University (Bruce, $6).

In a peculiar and bewildering manner, Chingis Guirey's "The Shadow of Power" represents a reiteration of "separatist" Russophobia. Peculiar, because "The Shadow of Power" is written by an instructor at New York's swanky Boots and Saddles Riding School who was schooled at Hotchkiss and Yale. Bewildering, because the book's Russophobe explanation of "why they behave like Russians" is a dizzying hodge-podge of a few historical facts, many more pseudo-historical myths—and above all the national and family predilections of the author's father. This is an aristocratic North Caucasian (Circassian) descendant of the sixteenth-century Tatar capturer of Moscow. The father is frequently mentioned in "The Shadow of Power" and is pictured in it as "His Highness Colonel Prince Kadir Azamat Guirey."

The purpose of Chingis Guirey's book is to describe his service from 1945 to 1947 as a Russian-speaking U.S. Army liaison officer with Soviet authorities, mainly in Austria and also at the Moscow Conference of 1947. His principal factual impression is most valuable. This is the intense self-consciousness of Soviet citizens when dealing with Westerners. Their sense of cultural inferiority often led to awkwardness, boasting, secretiveness. But in addition to contempt and animus toward Great Russians—or "Muscovites," as Mr. Guirey insists on calling them—his book is rambling, diffuse, and often strikingly naive.

That the nationality problem is indeed a major factor in Soviet life was reemphasized by the official pronouncements following Beria's downfall. And certainly a country's past and present cannot be fathomed outside the context of the population's psychological and cultural traits. Yet if Soviet expansionism since 1939—or Communist agitation abroad ever since 1917—proves that Great Russians have always been imperialists and always will be, then equally drastic claims can be made not only against Germany (as Americans did so lustily during World War II) but against Britain, France, the United States. All this on the most questionable assumption that the half of the USSR's population which is Great Russian—and since 1917 probably no no more than half of its leaders were Great Russians, either—can be effectively isolated from the other half in explaining Soviet behavior.

It will be a sad day for the West when its explanation of "why they behave like Russians" will be nothing more sophisticated, meaningful, or plausible than that of Chingis Guirey's "The Shadow of Power"—that they are Russians.

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Medicines of the Mind

The teachings of three "masters" of psychotherapy are set forth in three new volumes: ***"Jung's Psychology and Its Social Meaning," by Ira Progoff*** *(Julian Press. 299 pp. $5),* ***"The Psychology and Psychotherapy of Otto Rank," by Fay B. Karpf*** *(Philosophical Library. 129 pp. $3), and* ***"The Interpersonal Theory of Psychiatry," by Harry Stack Sullivan*** *(W. W. Norton. 393 pp. $5). Here Rollo May, a New York psychologist and author of "The Meaning of Anxiety" and other books, tells which of the three he believes offers the most promising approach to man's present-day problems.*

By Rollo May

THE chief characteristic of the early leaders in psychoanalysis and other forms of psychotherapy was their passion for exploration. We see this in the early meetings of the small groups at Freud's home in Vienna, which for a time included Adler and of which Otto Rank was secretary. We see another vivid illustration of it in the story, told in Ira Progoff's "Jung's Psychology and Its Social Meaning," of how Jung and Freud, traveling together from Europe to the famous Clark University Conference of Psychologists in 1909, avidly discussed their respective viewpoints and analyzed each other's dreams on the boat.

These early courageous explorers in the realm of the mind and emotions were also not afraid to be concerned, in their own way, with the salvation of the world. We need have no illusions about psychiatry and psychology singlehandedly saving the world in order to admire the devotion they had to making the truth they discovered useful for mankind. Their dogmatism often was of the positive kind—arising from an excess of confidence in their own divergent fields of inquiry. When Freud refused to let himself read Nietzsche, as he tells us in his collected works, it was because he wanted to make the discoveries himself, not because he was afraid of others' viewpoints.

But, unfortunately, the present-day frame of mind is different. There are evidences now of the tendencies of the different groups to build stockade forts instead of exploring, to barricade themselves behind the dogma of the "system" and the sayings of the master, whoever he may be, rather than boldly pushing on as the master had done in the search for new truth.

Some years ago I asked a clergyman of a faith which was at that time radically opposed to Freudian psychoanalysis whether the students in his seminary read any books about Freud. He answered affirmatively that they read one book: it was entitled "Freud Refuted." That religious group has, fortunately, changed its attitude. But the danger nowadays is that the parochial spirit is creeping into scientific groups, so that they read somebody of an opposing viewpoint for the purpose of refuting him. For example, A. A. Brill writes in his "Introduction to the Basic Writings of Sigmund Freud" (1938): "Reflecting on the workings of the Freudian secessionists, I feel that none of them has contributed anything of real value to mental science since they separated themselves from the master." Fay B. Karpf, in quoting the above in her "Psychology and Psychotherapy of Otto Rank," goes on to point out that in consequences of "such manifestations of intolerance to innovation, the orthodox psychoanalytic group has lost some of its most original and creative members to the serious impoverishment of its own ranks and the unprofitable division of the field as a whole."

The sectarian tendency is of course not limited to orthodox Freudians, though perhaps it is fair to say that it is most obviously there. There is an ever-present danger facing the followers of Horney or Sullivan or Jung or any innovator to absorb the letter rather than the spirit of the leader. Today this is increased by the temper of our reactionary times, in which to retrench into dogma and to seek security in standardization is a temptation for every group. Thus it is especially important in these days that we endeavor to see the whole field and to see it steadily in terms not of contributions to parochial groups but rather of contribution to the welfare of society. Man is in great trouble: who is there to help?

Carl G. Jung, as Progoff's book makes clear, is one of the most difficult of the depth-psychologists to evaluate. There is no doubt about his importance for future historians in the development of psychotherapy because of the special areas he picked out for study: the dangers in Western man's excessively rationalistic and technological preoccupations, the errors of the mechanistic interpretations of personality, and the need to understand myths and symbols. He is in one sense a champion of the "irrational" tendencies in human personality which when repressed either result in boredom for the individual or break out in mass psychoses and war. He is especially interested in Hindu and Oriental thought. Since there is little doubt that Eastern thought will have increasing influence on the West, this concern again indicates Jung's long-range position.

BUT just what that position will be it is now very hard to tell. Goodwin Watson, in his introduction of Progoff's book, regrets that whereas Freud is dealt with in almost all modern psychology textbooks, Jung almost never is. Freud wrote in a style well designed to communicate to Western man. Furthermore, his various schema, such as ego-id-superego, can easily be reproduced in textbooks —though unfortunately these schema are in many ways the most misleading introductions to the real spirit of Freud.

In this respect Jung gets in his own way. In reacting against the excessive rationalism of Western man Jung writes in a semi-esoteric form that irritates many modern readers and they immediately reject him out of hand. It is almost impossible to tell clearly in any of his writings what he means and what he does not mean. I therefore approached this book with considerable hope of getting a clearer picture, especially of the controversial parts of the social meaning of Jung's work.

Progoff sets forth some interesting and new material on Jung's development, and then presents a good survey of Jung's psychology—including such central points as the levels of con-

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sciousness, Jung's theories of archetypes, personality types, and dream analysis. We learn some valuable things about the social meaning of symbols and myths. But when Progoff essays to make clear Jung's social significance, we unfortunately come out by the same door where we went in.

Progoff writes for example:

> From a social point of view, the question of whether the individual feels that he knows the meaning of life depends on whether any major libido analogues are functioning for him. Jung holds that the meanings of life are carried by those symbols that are integrated in the structure of each society and that they manifest themselves in the individual through the conscious attitudes of his Persona, where they express the individualized form of social meanings of life.

SUCH writing simply does not communicate unless one already speaks the special language to begin with. Furthermore, such fuzziness often leads to implying something quite false, such as the implication in this book that because some of Paul Tillich's ideas are parallel to Jung's he was considerably influenced by Jung.

Progoff remarks toward the end of this book, "Ultimately the test and justification of Jung's work will come when his depth conception of man will have filtered more thoroughly into the thought of our age." Apparently he himself realizes that this job still remains to be done.

Miss Karpf's little book is a very good, direct, and simple survey of Otto Rank's viewpoint. She tells how Freud, impressed by the psychological acuity of a paper Rank wrote as a very young man, encouraged him to go through the university and devote himself to the non-medical aspect of psychoanalysis. Rank and Freud always had a great affection for each other which apparently endured to the ends of their lives. When Rank published his "Trauma of Birth" in 1924 he was surprised at the animosity with which it was received by the others in the intimate circle around Freud. Freud himself, who in many ways thought highly of the book, tried to withstand the criticism by the others. Rank went to Paris in the hope that the storm would blow over, but when it did not he remained there and later came to America as the third important divergent.

Why did the break occur, which apparently neither Rank nor Freud wanted? Was it, asks Miss Karpf, because Rank was often considered the most brilliant of those early followers and the others were not too happy about this? Or was it because his birth trauma theory, holding that anxiety comes from the birth separation, dethroned the hallowed Oedipus complex?

Whatever the answer, it was clear that the symbol of birth trauma—which is really a way of saying that anxiety and neurosis come chiefly from disruptions in relationships, particularly the mother-child relationship, rather than from suppression by the patriarchal father—was basic for Rank's later thought. He is the fountainhead of "relationship therapy." He felt that by paying attention constantly to the way the patient relates to the therapist, the therapist can help the patient get more directly at his problems. Rank's theories have carried over on one hand directly into Carl Roger's client-centered therapy, and they are on the other hand used in greater or less degree by almost all modern schools of psychotherapy. Rank's belief that therapy should not drift vaguely on, but that planned breaks and the anticipation of the ending of therapy could be used constructively, is borne out effectively in some of the recent work of Franz Alexander and Thomas M. French.

Miss Karpf holds that the particular attitudes which distinguished Rank were his complete respect for the personality of the neurotic patient and his refusal to consider neurosis as illness or psychotherapy as a medical problem in the narrow sense, but rather as a human problem in the broad sense of development, education, and adjustment. Rank says that he would have liked to call his work on therapy not a technique but a "philosophy of helping." He felt the therapeutic process should be creative for both therapist and patient, with particular concern placed on the nourishing of the patient's autonomy. This has carried over into the unfortunate phrase "will therapy" as the title of one of his books.

Neither of the above books claims to be more than an interpretation of others' works. Harry Stack Sullivan's "The Interpersonal Theory of Psychiatry" is something very different.

Sullivan had been known in professional circles since his early research on schizophrenia about thirty years ago, but just what he stood for had never been clear outside the group of those who spoke *his* particular language. Students in the field of psychology and psychiatry knew that Sullivan was the one who had defined psychiatry as the "science of interpersonal relations." It was also well known in the profession that Sullivan resembled the early leaders in his passion for exploring and his devotion to making the truth he discovered useful for mankind. But up to his premature death in 1949 at the World Federation for Mental Health Conference in Paris, which he had helped to found, his thought was not available except in a reprint of his poorly-written middle-period lectures.

WE HAVE in this book—consisting mainly of a recording of his later lectures at the Washington School of Psychiatry—a lucid presentation of his system. This may well turn out to be the most seminal book in its field in this decade. It is certainly the most original systematic contribution to come so far from an American-born psychiatrist. The reader may feel that he has now spotted *my* bias. This is true in the sense that I feel Sullivan has brought together some basic points which many of us for some time have believed should be unified, and that he speaks directly to our problems in the middle of the twentieth century.

He dealt with loneliness, isolation, the difficulties of self-esteem in our society, and anxiety and how it affects the growth of the self. He put tenderness and friendship back into our understanding of love. Whereas the chief problem in Freud's early decades *was* sexual repression, and the chief problem in the 1930's, when Horney wrote, *was* repressed hostility, particularly between social groups, there are many indications that we in the middle decades of the twentieth century are moving into the age of loneliness. The barometer portends that if we survive at all we are likely to live in chilly times, when it will be difficult to feel real warmth and meaning in our relations with our fellow man. Sullivan's particular temperament and background, and likewise his work with schizophrenics and compulsive neurotics, contribute to making him the therapist who could deal most directly with these problems.

In method Sullivan has three

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "The Memoirs of Cordell Hull." 2. "Afloat and Ashore," by James Fenimore Cooper. 3. "The Adventures of Roderick Random," by Tobias Smollett. 4. "Carrickfergus," by Louis MacNiece. 5. "Autobiography with Letters," by William Lyon Phelps. 6. "Prairie," by Carl Sandburg. 7. "Robinson Crusoe," by Daniel Defoe. 8. "The Autobiography of William Allen White." 9. "My Life and Thought," by Albert Schweitzer, translated by C. T. Compton. 10. "The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas," by Gertrude Stein.

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the findings of modern social psychology. He had great interest in E. S. Brightman's operationalism and Edward Sapir's studies of language. Indeed, Sullivan took all of the social sources as his province. He obviously has his shortcomings, particularly those of extreme emphases. But his theory may well be the most consistent basis we yet have for a unified science of man. Readers should be forewarned that the first parts of this book, which were written out by Sullivan, contain many of his typical tortured and unclear sentences. But the latter parts, recorded from his extemporaneous lecturing, sparkle with his witty asides and brilliant observations and are a delight to read.

Whether the work of such explorers in man's mind as we have discussed above will enable us in our upset times to withstand the encroachment of dogma and the spread of reaction, no one knows. There are evidences that Freud and Rank were both very discouraged in their later years. Sullivan kept emphasizing to students, however, that the psychiatrist and psychologist cannot retreat behind some facile verbalism, such as "Nothing will come of it, it can't be done." One of the most inspiring things about him was his continuous insistence that, regardless of whether there is any more history or not, we must labor nobly in making our contribution to the social order.

Neuroses, Psychoses, Moroses and Fat

"Hope for the Troubled," by Lucy Freeman *(Crown Publishers. 243 pp. $3),* ***"The Inside Story," by Fritz Redlich, M. D. and June Bingham*** *(Alfred A. Knopf. 280 pp. $3.75), and* ***"What's Your Problem?" by Alfred Blazer, M. D.*** *(Citadel Press. 384 pp. $3.50) are all designed to help the average man cope with his own psychiatric problems. In reviewing them below, Mrs. Steiner, a consulting psychologist and author of "A Practical Guide for Troubled People," considers what books of this type actually can accomplish.*

By Lee R. Steiner

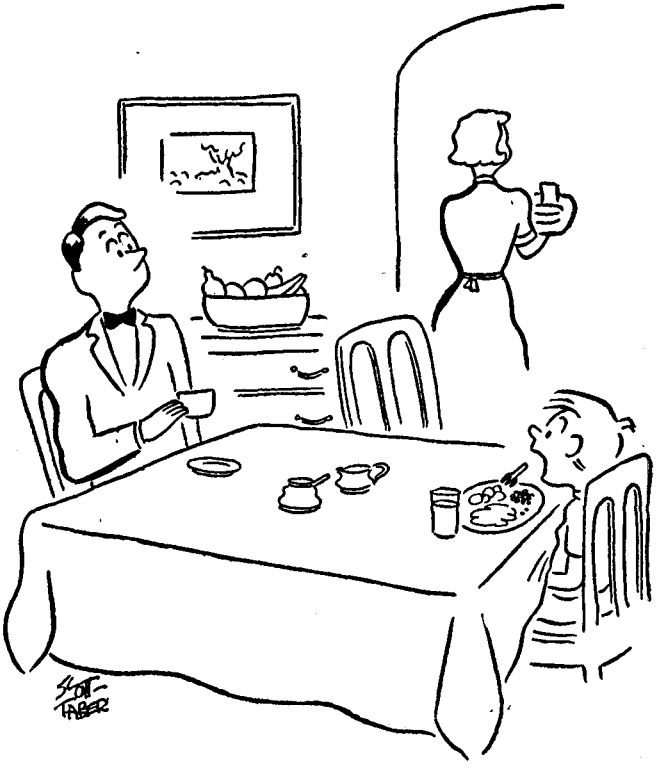
THERE is no greater need in this age of turmoil than good, valid psychological self-help books for the general public. Because the titles of three new volumes—"Hope for the Troubled," "The Inside Story: Psychiatry and Everyday Life," and "What's Your Problem?"—the work of psychiatrists and laymen, suggest that they may fill that need, one approaches them with more than routine anticipation.

"Only the troubled will bother to find out how to feel less troubled," says Lucy Freeman. To them her book, "Hope for the Troubled," is directed, the troubled being the neurotic and psychotic. She is a reporter, trying to bring to the public a deeper understanding of the "art of healing the psychic wounds that keep many from happiness." The hope she holds out is that "Freud gave to everyman the right to become aware of his inner agony."

Miss Freeman's basic thesis is that this thing called help requires a guide, a psychoanalyst who offers the love of an understanding parent for a child, a guiding, ennobling love that asks nothing in return, a love springing from a life dedicated to the troubled, out of which comes a second chance for the troubled. "For those who truly want to look into themselves," she tells us, "psychoanalysis is the only answer."

She gives a courageous appraisal of the confusion of present-day psychiatry and psychoanalysis, and the added problems of correlating their services with those of social workers and psychologists. Her criterion for the selection of a therapist is a person who is interested in you, who talks simply and directly, whom you feel you can trust, who is quietly confident, who gives you a feeling of ease, who is not arrogant, is not nervous, is not interested in your money, and is capable of giving you warm and healing love. She warns against the practitioners who put all patients on the couch and tell them to "free associate."

In her closing statement Miss Freeman seems to contradict her assertion that psychoanalysis alone is the road to peace of mind when she tells us that "the task of easing trouble belongs to rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief, doctor, lawyer, Indian chief—and parent, teacher, minister, public health nurse, psychiatrist, motorman-conductor. It belongs to all of us." This is a concept of the "troubled" with which the beggar man and the Indian chief could agree. But that would be another book. That would be a treatise on how the average man, who is neither neurotic nor psychotic, who *is* not a problem but who merely *has* a problem, might find counsel with the problems which confront him in



—From "The Inside Story" (Taber © Saturday Evening Post).

"Sure, Ralph Thompson eats, but his case is different—he's afraid of his father."

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meeting his bills, in sending his children to school, and in finding deep and lasting love through ways other than an analyst's couch.

Dr. Fritz Redlich and June Bingham tell us they wrote "The Inside Story" to dethrone the "unconscious policeman" for the average person (here defined as the mild neurotic) and in this way encourage him to govern himself consciously. They believe that laughter is a benign form of unconscious defense. Under the influence of the comic, we return to the happiness of childhood. We can throw off fetters of logical thought and revel in a long-forgotten freedom. Because unconscious defenses of humor fortify our behavior patterns, if we can analyze our humor we can eliminate these rationalizations. They have, therefore, incorporated into their text the products of some of the country's outstanding cartoonists.

This could be an extremely interesting book had the authors not attempted too much for one small volume. There are at least eight books hidden here. One is on humor as therapy. Another is how to recognize Freudian mechanisms in yourself. A third is on the present status of psychiatry (here defined as the medical specialty that diagnoses and treats mental diseases) which, by the way, is one of the best treatments of the subject in print. A fourth is a light, semi-humorous account of psychiatry filled with colloquialisms and slang. Scarcely allied to any of these others is a running commentary on the ethnological roots of many of our present-day social customs. Almost as an afterthought we have child-guidance, with parenthood considered as one aspect of preventive psychiatry.

One can agree with Dr. Redlich that "there is room in life for living and laughing and loving without a second thought." Unfortunately, one would not learn how to achieve this from reading his book.

IN HIS three years in the largest psychiatric clinic in America, Dr. Alfred Blazer tells us in "What's Your Problem?," he was impressed by the frequent requests from patients for something to read so that they could understand themselves and their problem better. He therefore hopes to make available to the general public the scientific truths of modern psychiatry in a language and a method he believes will help people as an initial step in the solution of everyday problems of life. He does not believe that his book will serve as therapy. It will merely initiate insight, without which therapy cannot function.

This is one of the best books of its

(*Continued on page* 38)

A Medievalist's Own Resistance

"The Historian's Craft," by Marc Bloch *(translated by Peter Putnam. Alfred A. Knopf. 197 pp. $3) is a great French medievalist's unfinished testament on "the science of man in time" —history. Our reviewer, Professor Ausubel of Columbia University, is the author of "Historians and Their Craft."*

By Herman Ausubel

MARC BLOCH's reputation both as a scholar and patriot is secure. Professor of economic history at the Sorbonne, co-founder of the *Annales d'histoire économique et sociale*, and one of the outstanding French historians of the interwar years, Bloch helped in an important way to deepen and broaden present-day understanding of the social and economic evolution of the Middle Ages.

But he was not the antiquarian type of medievalist who glorifies the past in the process of escaping from the modern world. Quite the contrary. A high-minded patriot who considered himself a member of the last of the generation of the Dreyfus Affair, he was vitally interested in the problems of the present. Indeed, when the fall of France took place in 1940 he hastened to write what is still probably the most thoughtful analysis of how and why the catastrophe came to pass. To those who knew him well, it was no surprise that he refused to flee from France—that, instead, he joined and assumed the burdens of leadership in the Resistance. Because of his efforts in behalf of a free France, he was executed by the Germans in 1944. From the Nazi point of view the fact that he was a Frenchman reared in the tradition of the Enlightenment was bad enough; but worse still he was a Jew.

For Bloch "The Historian's Craft," begun in 1941, was a "simple antidote by which, amid sorrows and anxieties both personal and collective," he sought to achieve some peace of mind. He characterized the book as "the memorandum of a craftsman who has always liked to reflect over his daily task, the notebook of a journeyman who has long handled the ruler and the level, without imagining himself to be a mathematician." Bloch finished about two-thirds of the book, but even those sections which he did manage more or less to complete suffered because he worked under such unfavorable conditions. No question about it, the writing of good history requires imagination and thought, but it also requires source material, and this, for the most part, Bloch lacked.

His own books had been lost, and he could reach no large library. He himself had doubts as to the quality of a work that had to depend so heavily on memory and stale notes. As he put it: "Both the supplementary reading and the research demanded by the very laws of the craft I here propose to describe have been denied me. Will it, one day, be granted to me to fill in the gaps? Never entirely, I fear. I can therefore only ask indulgence. I should say: 'I plead guilty,' were it not that, by so doing, I might seem overly presumptuous in assuming responsibility for the evils of destiny."

IN SHORT, this is not a major contribution to the literature of historiography and historical method, and were it not for the fact that it was written by Bloch it is doubtful that the volume would receive the attention that will be given it. This is not to say, however, that it is without considerable merit. It does have some of the insights that continue to make Bloch so attractive especially to young medievalists—scholars who have not yet had either the time or the inclination to worship their lecture notes. Stimulating, indeed, for example, are Bloch's comments on

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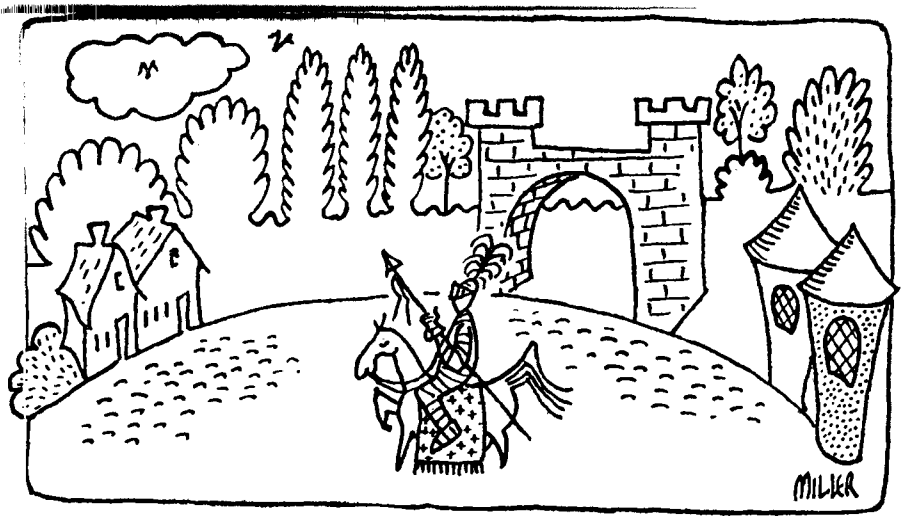
ant societies, the cross-examination of historical documents, the importance of linguistics, psychology, and sociology in historical studies, the role of the unforeseeable in history, the usefulness of the concept of generations in the periodization of the past, the value of the critical method, the status of man as "the greatest variable in nature," and the position of history as a discipline still in travail.

BLOCH was convinced that history —the science of men in time—could readily prove its legitimacy as a form of knowledge. Certainly historical study could be entertaining, but, like André Gide, Bloch believed that no self-respecting scholar in the world of the twentieth century could justify history on the grounds of mere amusement. Such a justification was a luxury that only secure societies could afford. Bloch considered historical study above all as an effort to achieve a better understanding of men in the past—a study which could therefore help to aid men to live better in the present. In particular Bloch had faith in the value of the critical method as applied in historical study. "Henceforth," he said, "far wider horizons open before it [the critical method], and history may reckon among its most certain glories that, by this elaboration of its technique, it has pioneered for mankind a new path to truth and, hence, to justice."

One of Bloch's main regrets was that the very laymen who were the subjects and objects of historical study often failed to understand what the scholar had to say. In the circumstances Bloch felt that a major portion of the historian's task was being left undone. He, however, was too considerate of the feelings of his fellow-scholars to point out two of the main reasons for the existence of an alarming barrier between historians and laymen: first, the refusal of scholars to devote as much time and thought to style as to research; and, even more important, their all too frequent lack of interest in teaching, as a result of which countless history classes have made the study of the past dull and distasteful to laymen.

Bloch himself, however, was the kind of scholar who hoped that his students would criticize him most freely and expose the flaws in his interpretations. He was also the kind of scholar who could have spoken the words associated with the Belgian historian Henri Pirenne: "If I were an antiquarian, I would have eyes only for old stuff, but I am a historian. Therefore, I love life."



When Men Were Crusaders

"A History of the Middle Ages," by Sidney Painter *(Alfred A. Knopf. 487 pp. $7.50) and* ***"The Mind of the Middle Ages," by Frederick B. Artz*** *(Alfred A. Knopf. 552 pp. $7.50) are two attempts to capture ten complex, vital centuries between the covers of a single volume. Sidney R. Packard, who reviews them here, is professor of history at Smith College.*

By Sidney R. Packard

THE great American textbook has always bogged down a bit when applied to history and never more so than when concerned with the Middle Ages. The facts are too numerous. The canvas is too large. A single volume will never suffice, despite the most careful selection of material and the full use of the considerable skills of modern scholarly craftsmanship. In any case there can be only a modicum of interpretation. The most careful reader will do well if he acquires some knowledge of the period, systematic, but thin and often misleading.

Yet the nature of the medieval world is such that it needs, above all, understanding. It is a prolongation of the ancient world, but with a major difference, Christianity. It involves not only the Roman, Germanic, Celtic, Slavic, and Moslem contributions to the medieval amalgam but also their profound and subtle reactions each upon the other. Distinctively medieval products, such as parliaments and universities, need more than description. Literature, art, and philosophy present similar problems. Even in the comparatively simpler economic and political spheres there are basic medieval concepts exceedingly difficult for the modern student. Thus a factual enumeration is entirely inadequate. Yet such interpretive discussion as can be added may well produce only confusion, since it is likely to reveal the uncertainties of scholarship, even on fundamentals. We still do not know just why the Roman Empire fell or why there was a twelfth-century Renaissance, if in fact there was such a movement at all.

Professors Sidney Painter and Frederick B. Artz, succumbing at long last to the occupational disease of the teaching profession, have written textbooks on the Middle Ages. Both are experienced teachers and are fully aware of the difficulties. Professor Painter is a medievalist and has already written several important and successful books in that field. Professor Artz is a specialist in the European nineteenth century and his publications there have been both substantial and well-received. He brings to medieval cultural history a long experience as a teacher of that subject and a mind unusually appreciative of matters philosophical and artistic. Both authors have that "sense of synthesis" without which the textbook writer is irretrievably lost. Both books are carefully planned and clearly written.

IN "A History of the Middle Ages" Professor Painter limits himself on the whole to political and economic history, with a final chapter on cultural factors. He deals mainly with France and England, to a lesser extent with the Empire, and pays relatively

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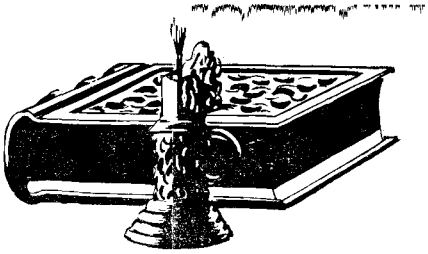
little attention to the rest of Europe. He manages a reasonably informal style and includes a few realistic details not commonly found in other textbooks. He knows the work of Dopsch and Pirenne but does not seem much impressed. The twelfth-century Renaissance appears in the index but not, under that name, in the text. The Great Charter is dealt with clearly and with unusual authority. William Marshal, of whom Professor Painter is the accepted biographer, bobs up frequently to illustrate one or another point or principle. As might be expected, the author strikes his real stride with the feudal monarchies. There is an excellent chapter on the Hundred Years' War, particularly illuminating in regard to military history. Always informed, thoughtful, and sound in judgment, Professor Painter has surmounted many but not all the difficulties inherent in the combined chronological and topical approach. There is a good, brief, critical bibliography.

PROFESSOR ARTZ in "The Mind of the Middle Ages" occupies himself exclusively with the history of the interests of the intellectual classes. Since he moves rather heroically into a virtual vacuum so far as textbooks are concerned, his achievement must be judged in part by the magnitude of the task. Viewed in this light his success is notable. His bibliography is superb, both in breadth and depth, surprisingly up-to-date, and partly critical. The book, however, as the author himself admits in a disarming preface, is over-factual. Certainly it approaches the encyclopedic. Yet his selection of fact is perforce arbitrary, oversimplification often leads close to error, and the integration required by the topical approach is, on the whole, left to the reader. The general plan of the book is very much the author's own, resulting in a rather peculiar location for such a group as the Mystics, but it reflects the ideas of both Professor George Sarton and the late John L. La Monte in its emphasis upon the dominance of the East down to the year 1000. The unusual stress on the development of both imaginative literature and music is to be highly commended. There are too many quotations in the text and far too many in the notes. The author has used excellent secondary materials but has perhaps leaned upon them too heavily.

The conclusion by Professor Artz that the real turning point in the cultural history of Europe is in Northern France in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries and not in Italy in the fifteenth and sixteenth may well provoke some controversy. Catholic and Anglican readers, and perhaps some others, will not relish his picture of Christianity as "the supreme syncretism of antiquity" even though he stays fairly close to the sources here as elsewhere. Probably he did not have this or any other special group of readers in mind. After all, the historical approach, if valid at all, should be as applicable to the medieval period as to any other.

The reader who would open up the Middle Ages through textbooks needs both these volumes. Will Durant's slightly longer and usually more readable "The Age of Faith" is a possible alternative. Any one of a dozen or more volumes could be substituted for the Painter, such as those by James Westfall Thompson, Lynn Thorndike, Carl Stephenson, or Joseph R. Strayer, each with a slightly different emphasis. But the Artz volume is almost unique. With the possible exception of H. E. Barnes, who devoted some 400 pages to this subject in his now all but completely ignored "Intellectual and Cultural History of the Western World" (1937), no one else has attempted to lay this particular material in its entirety on the textbook line. "The Medieval Mind," by Henry Osborn Taylor, which Professor Artz himself calls "still the best book" on the subject, is not a comparable work, since its author broke his own path through the sources. But Professor Artz has included the Byzantine and the Moslem as Taylor did not, has brought the whole story down to 1500 (Taylor stopped in 1321), and has added other subjects such as art, music, and technology.



Both the Painter and Artz volumes have epilogues which, though brief, are magnificent. They should be read in each case both as introduction and as conclusion. Masterly interpretive summaries of the matters in hand, they may be put alongside the lecture on "Placing the Middle Ages" (published in *Speculum* in 1936) which Taylor delivered at the Harvard Tercentenary. He summed up successfully in this lecture not only his own two volumes but his subsequent thoughts and reflections—successfully, that is, for the student equipped to follow his argument, comprehend his allusions, and match, at least in part, his knowledge. Students at every level may profit from these epilogues in the same way. Perhaps such epilogues, along with the bibliographies, justify in part the long and arduous labors involved in the writing of textbooks.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 530

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 530 will be found in the next issue.

XZIV VKNZXINYXZ RIL JZ

CKVVZS WLVP OBZL KN

KF GZXP PWYLT.

UWBL JIXXPDWX

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 529

War comes as the great failure of man, out of fear, lust for power, injustice, or misery left unrectified.

—CORDELL HULL.

Notes

REDISCOVERING THE RENAISSANCE: Whether or not there was such a thing as the Renaissance has been a moot question among historians for some years. In "The Dawn of a New Era," the first volume of Harper's Rise of Modern Europe Series, the late E. P. Cheyney some years ago made so bold as to challenge the idea proposed by Professor J. Huizinga of the University of Leiden to the effect that the fifteenth century was marked by a general decline in learning and morals all over Europe. It is true that France suffered from decline, and so did the Balkan peninsula, but not the Low Countries, nor Italy. Now, in another volume in the same series, **"The World of Humanism 1453-1517"** (Harper, $5), Myron P. Gilmore continues the reaction against those American scholars—H. O. Taylor,

(*Continued on page* 37)

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An Open Letter to Emerson

This is the fourth of an occasional series of "Open Literary Letters" by Antonio Iglesias, author of "Culture's Emergent Pathway."

By ANTONIO IGLESIAS

FULLY conscious that I run the risk of appearing as an unsophisticated simpleton and a native fool in the eyes of many of my contemporaries, I write this open letter to you, respected teacher, to say that I am seriously convinced that unless the present embattled defenders of democracy and of personal freedom learn to see man as you saw him, their fighting will lack that irresistible inner force and inner conviction that are necessary to move mountains.

A philosopher not ordinarily associated with things of the spirit, John Dewey, has called you, with perfect justification, "the philosopher of democracy" and "the one citizen of the New World fit to have his name uttered in the same breath with that of Plato." For it is now widely recognized that, of all the outstanding intellectual and spiritual children of the American Revolution, you were the poet-philosopher of genius who gave to the Declaration of Independence, to the Constitution itself, and to the Bill of Rights their deepest ethical and metaphysical foundations.

At the age of thirty-six, in 1839, you obviously were clearly aware of your high mission, because in your Journal you asked yourself: "What shall be the substance of my shrift?" To which you gave the unhesitating answer: "Adam in the garden, I am to new-name all the beasts of the field and all the gods in the sky. I am to invite men drenched in Time to recover themselves and come out of time, and taste their native immortal air. . . . I am to indicate constantly, though all unworthy, the Ideal and Holy Life, the life within life, the Forgotten Good, the Unknown Cause in which we sprawl and sin. . . . I am to celebrate the spiritual powers in their infinite contrast to the mechanical powers and the mechanical philosophy of this time. I am to console the brave sufferers under evils whose end they cannot foresee, by appeals to the great optimism, self-affirmed in all bosoms." And a year later you wrote in the same Journal what was historically true up to that moment and was to become also prophetically true of most of your writing and speaking henceforward: "In all my lectures I have taught one doctrine, namely, the infinitude of the private man."

In its fullest development, as we now have it, the doctrine you taught is nothing less than the apotheosis of individualism. But, before recalling some of the memorable things that you wrote in unfolding this magnificent creed of yours, I must tell you frankly that your deification of the human individual seems to most people now, right here in your own country, utterly fantastic, a poet's pipe-dream without any foundation on "scientific" facts. Hardly a century after you preached your great humanistic gospel, what is commonly taken for granted in my time is, not man's infinitude, but his finiteness; not his boundless potentialities, but his restrictive limitations; not his divinity, to be sure, but his animality. Because with us, dear teacher, things not only continue in the saddle riding mankind, but now threaten to crush it down altogether. For the mechanical powers and the mechanical philosophy that were to you an ominous danger have now won the field. Consequently, your joyous celebration of the spiritual powers falls among us mostly on indifferent ears.

—*Culver.*

Ralph Waldo Emerson—"gemlike aphorisms."

Being myself one of those grateful "sufferers" whom you have effectively consoled for many years, I now write this letter to solicit your assistance—infinite in its capacities as it must be now—to convince your living countrymen that your teachings actually are one of the main roads leading out of our present-day wasteland of gigantic disillusionments, barren skepticisms, and desolate negations. All I can do here to prove this conviction of mine is to give, in your own brave words, some of the major tenets of your great faith. What you can do to help is to appeal from within their souls to the great optimism self-affirmed in their bosoms.

COUNTING with all my heart and mind and soul on this far-reaching help from your hidden inspiration, here I give those tenets, magnificently expressed in your supercharged, gemlike aphorisms:

> Every man is a divinity in disguise, a god playing the fool. It seems as if heaven had sent its insane angels into our world as to an asylum, and here they will break out into their native music and utter at intervals the words they have heard in heaven; then the mad fit returns, and they mop and wallow like dogs. . . . For we are not pans and barrows, nor even porters of the fire and torch-bearers, but children of the fire, made of it, and only the same divinity transmuted, and at two or three removes, when we least know about it. . . . Within man is the Soul of the whole; the wise silence; the universal beauty, to which every part and particle is equally related; the eternal ONE; . . . that great nature in which we rest, as the earth lies in the soft arms of the atmosphere; that Unity, that Over-Soul within which every man's particular being is contained and made one with all other; that common heart, of which all sincere conversation is the true worship, to which all right action is submission; . . . which evermore tends and aims to pass into our thought and hand and become wisdom, and virtue, and power, and beauty.

During many millennia the hoary pantheists of India had been dissolving man and nature in God. Also for thousands of years the materialists of ancient and modern Europe had been sinking God and man into nature. You, on the contrary—as the *transcendentalist* new Adam in the Garden of the New World, renaming all the beasts of the field and all the gods of the sky—you had the boldness to concentrate all the measureless powers of both God and nature into man. And so, you found it perfectly logical to

(*Continued on page* 35)

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The Saturday Review

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Are We Sorcerer's Apprentices or Are We Men?

WHAT is the most primitive idea ever entertained by the mind of man?

Was it the notion that people were pursued by evil spirits and that these had to be cast out, whether through the sacrifice of things or human life?

Was it the belief in many parts of the Western world at various times during the fourteenth through sixteenth centuries that the Devil had his agents on earth, and that this evil had to be extirpated through human hanging or burning?

Was it the belief in the philosopher's stone or in miracle mediums that do everything—from transforming objects into pure gold to endowing human beings with eternal youth?

Was it the notion that man had divine sanction to spread his religion at the point of a sword, resulting in the spilled blood of millions of resisters and almost equal numbers of converters?

These are astounding acts and beliefs, but it has remained for our own age to provide the most primitive and dangerous idea ever held by the mind of man. This is the idea that it is somehow possible to preserve human civilization on this earth in the present condition of world anarchy. At a time when weapons of absolute destruction are poised for instant use the bizarre belief exists that the human group can work its way out of crisis through measures that have never succeeded in the past. And no mass delusion in history can begin to compare with the present spectacle of a world drifting towards a possible war of hydrogen bombs with little popular realization of the need for people to transcend their petty problems and dedicate themselves to the building of a structure of world law in time to prevent world war.

Meanwhile many of the statesmen, the philosophers, and the theologians who should be taking the initiative in a titanic movement for sanity are exempting themselves from the moral responsibility of leadership. Privately they may be expressing their belief in the necessity for world law; publicly they are holding back because of the fear that the idea may be considered too visionary or even unrespectable. Or if they allow their private thoughts to spill over into public statements they do so tentatively and obscurely, hoping somehow to avoid any public intimation that they are actually saying what they are actually thinking. In this they have had a remarkable success; their ideas have been cauterized against greatness and against the very quality of open inspiration that people hunger for today.

It now seems incredible that at one time men like Sir Thomas Browne should have associated themselves with the persecution of "witches," or that men of the reputation of Roger Bacon and Paracelsus should have failed to declare themselves against sorcery and black magic. Yet distant generations may find it even stranger that men of standing in theology and philosophy should have spent their time spinning elaborate theories about the uniqueness of Western Civilization instead of pursuing the necessary philosophy of the whole. From that distant perspective it may be seen that many of our scholars and churchmen were locked deep within their own categories when they should have been trying to plumb and define the universals of human values that were at stake in the crisis of the twentieth century. For what was most important about Western Civilization was its capacity for change and surprise; and what was most important about Eastern Civilization was its unchartable diversity. It may later be seen that whatever was good in each civilization could have been saved only through common recognition of common goals.

IN TODAY'S world the major problems seem to take different forms in different places. In fact, the people of each area seem to believe that their own problem is the only major one. And each region would claim that its own problem involves a fundamental question of justice. The fatal irony, however, is that the regions are failing to come together in behalf of the only means through which justice can be obtained—world law. Nor do the nations act as though they understand that their problems are the general products of world lawlessness rather than separate disorders of themselves. The effect of all this on the individual is to predispose him to seek immunity from world problems because they are so massive that even society itself cannot see them in the large. Thus, the individual adds to the momentum of the very fallacy that threatens him.

In the past the world didn't merely slough off its primitive ideas or stumble out of them. The defeat of a delusion was generally the result of courageous response to courageous leadership. Not infrequently what would happen was that a few great men were unafraid to appeal directly to the good sense and quality of integrity that are deep within all men and that have only to be awakened in order to constitute the strongest force known in history. The great men who made these appeals were not concerned with the safety or respectability of their reputations—as reputations were measured in their own time. Nor were they seeking personal glory. They were seeking the end of delusion or abomination or evil. They became great because they knew how to summon people to greatness.

If the pathetic fallacy of the twentieth century—the fallacy that law among nations is neither possible nor desirable—is to be destroyed it may need some open thinking and speaking. The capacity of people to respond to that type of leadership may be greater than the nominal leaders think. A generation that is anticipating a rendezvous with destiny deserves and needs to be challenged.

—N. C.

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WRONG TITLE

I BELIEVE you have made an error in the title of June Platt and Sophie Kerr's new cookbook recently published by Rinehart and reviewed by Richardson Wright in SR Aug. 1. The correct title is "The Best I Ever Ate."

FANNY F. CINDIN

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Obviously, Mrs. Cindin is a better reader than we are. Our apologies to the Misses Platt and Kerr.*

PAPERBACK AUTHOR SPEAKS

BENNETT CERF'S ARGUMENT concerning paperbound originals [*SR* July 11] is refuted by himself when he can find nothing good at all in original paperbacks. Probably his reaction is one of pure fear, and well he may be scared.

I was one of the first established hardbook authors to go into original paperback publishing. At the time publishers, perhaps with some slight prejudice, called me foolish, and fellow authors looked askance; now the latter ask me for letters of introduction to my original paperback publisher. Original paperback publishers have issued a lot of trash, just as hardback publishers always have and will, which no one points out currently. The original people have also published some pretty good books, at present overlooked, and will in the future publish far better ones.

For my own part I submit the first of my originals, "The Tormented." *The Saturday Review,* in which Cerf castigates all original paperbacks, termed this, in its review, an "honest" book and had quite a few other nice things to say about it. It sold just about an even million copies. The financial return, which came to me entirely instead of giving half of it to Bennett Cerf if he had first published it in hardbook and sold perhaps a few thousand copies, was far more than I ever received for the trade edition of any of my nineteen hardback books. My three other originals have followed much the same course.

The most significant thing, however, is that original paperbacks, while the hardback boys weren't looking, have now become of age. My fifth book, "Escape To Eden," is being published as a Gold Medal original next November. It is on a totally non-sensational subject with no sex and no violence, prepared for no particular market, but just a novel written as well as I could do it. (Bennett Cerf once told me how much he liked my books.) The first printing will be 400,000 copies, as contrasted with the current usual hardbook printing of 10,000 sheets, with 5,000 bound and less sold. An author likes people to read his books as well as to make a better living out of them.

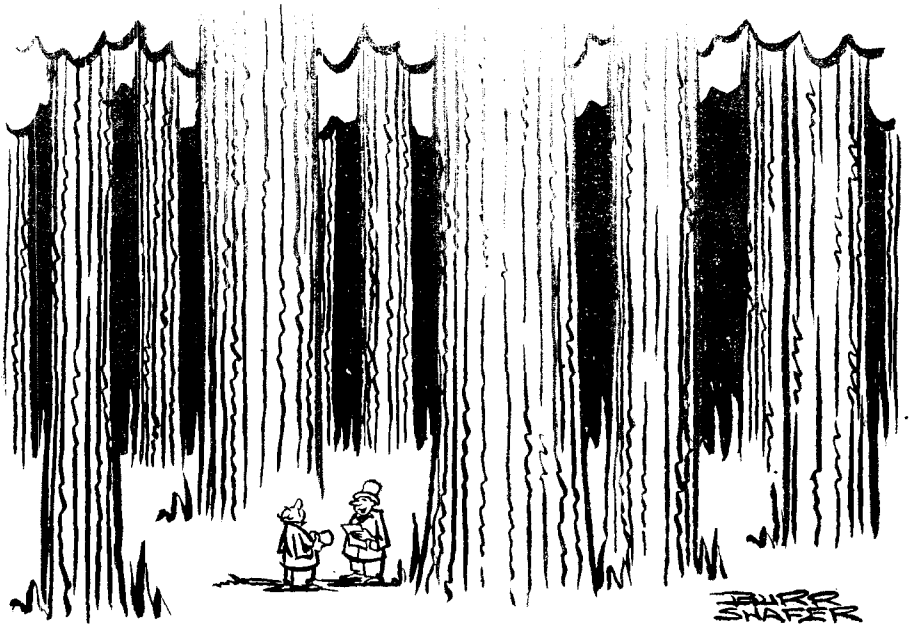
Who is kidding who? The original paperback field is going to have its troubles, not because it is not a sound idea as Cerf claims, but because it is such an excellent idea and because so many have come into it that some of them will get hurt this fall when the big competition begins. But it will settle down, eventually, to being the finest thing that ever happened to American writing and publishing. Already, together with paperback reprints, it has created the greatest reading public ever seen in any country in the history of the world.

The hardback publishing business, as I see it, is going exactly the same way as the New York theatre went; you must be a smash hit or nothing. This is ridiculous and tragic in a country of 160,000,000 supposedly literate people. The movies are on their way to going the same route; a few big pictures, probably done in widescreen, not 3-D, and roadshowed, and little else produced.

I am amazed that hardback publishers still do not understand what is happening in the publishing business. Our current phony economy, and their half interest in paperback reprint rights, now carry them pretty well, so perhaps they close their eyes to it. Meanwhile they live in good part off paperback reprints while they malign its counterpart, the paperback original.

THEODORE PRATT.

Hollywood, Calif.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"And this Government deed says the land is yours—free—as soon as you clear it."

HARDBACK PUBLISHER ANSWERS

MR. THEODORE PRATT is certainly entitled to his opinion and I am entitled to mine—although I do wish that before he rushed into his war paint to defend original paperbacks he had taken the time at least to read carefully what I had to say on the subject.

In the paragraph questioned by Mr. Pratt, and in many others I have written on the same subject, I stressed particularly the fact that original paperbacks might be the ideal solution for ridding the lists of regular publishers—myself very definitely included—of all the potboilers, ranging from pleasant time-killers to downright trash, that have been the bane of the publishing industry for years. I have repeatedly stated that these books may well be worth a quarter or thirty-five cents but not a penny more, and it's small wonder that the public has rebelled at buying them at $3 or more a copy. The last two manuscripts of Mr. Pratt's that I have read are perfect cases in point. When Mr. Pratt says that I once told him how much I liked his books, I am afraid he is overstating his case. I told him I liked "The Barefoot Mailman" very much indeed—but that was some years ago. I have read nothing by him since that I thought was even in the same class.

BENNETT CERF.

New York, N. Y.

CIVIL LIBERTIES CORRECTED

MRS. BONARO OVERSTREET in her list of recommended reading for our times has incorrectly listed the authorship and availability of "Civil Liberties Under Attack" [*SR* July 4]. The book was edited by Clair Wilcox; Henry Steele Commager was one of the several contributors to the volume. The book may be obtained for $3.50 from the University of Pennsylvania Press and is now in its third printing.

ELIZABETH MARMAR.

Philadelphia, Pa.

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Operation Caesar

Re-reading a Certain General's Memoirs When the Vocabulary of Battle Is on Everyone's Tongue

By JOHN MASON BROWN

THERE was fire in the older man's eyes as he handed the book to the tall youth. "This was written yesterday," he said. "It will be your exciting privilege to discover a new writer." The older man was Professor George Martin Lane, apparently the only one of the many Greek and Latin scholars on the Harvard faculty in 1859 who taught the classics not as drier-than-dust exercises in grammar and memory but as volumes very much alive. The book was the "Republic," and the undergraduate Oliver Wendell Holmes, son of the author of "The Autocrat."

Catherine Drinker Bowen tells this story in "Yankee from Olympus," her warm and brilliant biography of the Justice. The story does not stop there. After Holmes had devoted his six weeks' winter vacation to reading the "Republic" he wrote a fifteen-page paper about it in which Plato came off badly. At least young Holmes thought he did, and was so pleased with the result that he decided to submit his essay to the University *Quarterly*. Before doing so, however, he concluded it would be sensible and gratifying to show it to someone not professionally connected with Harvard.

His choice of a reader would have frightened you and me. It did not frighten young Holmes. He turned to his father's friend, Emerson, as a matter of course, and gave him his paper the next time he dropped by the doctor's house. Emerson sat down in the big leather chair by the fire and read it while its author fidgeted on the sofa. Upon finishing it Emerson arranged the sheets neatly, held them out to Wendell, and shook his head. "When you shoot at a king you must kill him."

That was all Emerson said. It was enough to cause young Holmes to take his fifteen pages upstairs and fling them in the wastebasket. A month later Emerson came by again. "Have you given Plato another chance?" he asked, smiling kindly. "Hold Plato at arm's length as you have been doing, Wendell. That's good. But say to yourself, 'Plato—you have pleased the world for two thousand years. Now let's see if you can please me.'"

I lean heavily on Mrs. Bowen's story of Holmes's introduction to Plato because I find it as wise as it is winning. The words of both Harvard's Professor Lane and Emerson seem to me to be words that ought to be remembered—and borrowed—by all those faced with the challenging task of teaching the classics. They are words which also have much to say to general readers who limit their adult reading to the latest books and avoid the standbys from antiquity (even in translation) as if they were bound to be dead and deadly merely because they are the products of the past. Surely critics, foolhardy enough to try to annihilate a work that has survived the centuries, would do well, before taking aim, to remember Emerson's "When you shoot at a king you must kill him."

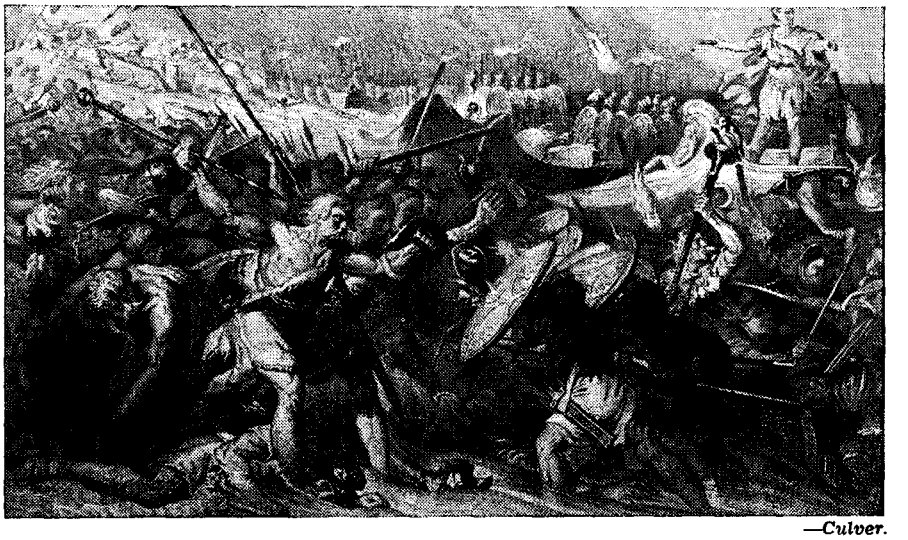
The attitude toward the classics of most people supposedly educated, or at least exposed at great expense to what is identified as education in this country, is odd, to put it mildly. I write as no classicist, indeed as one who, having less than little Latin and no Greek, can read the writings of Greece and Rome only in translation.

But this I do know. Wander into the lounge car of a train carrying an English version of the "Republic," or Horace's "Odes," or Plutarch's "Lives," and the man sitting next to you will either avoid conversation or, if he does decide to talk, address you as "Professor" or "Doc." Speak of reading Thucydides or Xenophon to a chance companion at a dinner party, and that person is apt to think you are putting on airs and pretending to be a doubledome.

Why we should be afraid of the proven best; why we should be at ease only with the topical, the mediocre, or the inferior; why, spending millions as we do on education, it should be fashionable to forget it once we have finished college; and why we should be ready to doubt as pretenders or ridicule as oddities persons whose curiosity does not stop with their own times and who, without being highbrows, find real pleasure in turning back to classics are among the greatest and most depressing of American mysteries.

PERHAPS it is because many who do the teaching fail to see the present in the past or the past in the present. Perhaps it is because in the realm of books they draw the same foolish and pleasure-denying distinction between the antique and the modern that those luckless mortals do, young or old, who are always age-conscious in their choice of friends and hence cheat themselves of countless delights by failing to realize that all persons are contemporaries if only their interests overlap.

Perhaps it is because teachers too often teach from the book alone, bringing no more experience to the text than their students do, and therefore making their instruction as



—*Culver.*

Caesar's invasion of Britain—"tragically, stirringly contemporary."

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dull and juiceless as only book knowledge can be when it is unrelated to any knowledge of life.

Never having studied the techniques of teaching as taught in Education courses up and down this land, I realize the risks I run in seeming to offer suggestions to teachers who, against their will, are often as overinstructed in the how's of teaching as they are underinstructed in the subjects they are supposed to teach. The last thing I mean to do is to poach on lands dear to and thoroughly explored by specialists. I do not know Latin or Greek. I do not teach them and have no desire to do so. I have in mind only adult readers who are reading for pleasure and can turn to translations without being penalized for depending on "trots." I trust, therefore, I may be forgiven if I confine myself to one classic and relate, for the little it may be worth, the surprising because agreeable experience I have recently had in rereading it or, as Emerson would say, in giving it another chance.

Had anyone suggested to me when I was a boy in school that "The Gallic Wars" by one Julius Caesar would ever please me, or that I would read it as if it had been written yesterday by an author I was happy to discover, I would have laughed long and impolitely in that person's face. That is, of course, if I had not struggled to muster the kindness due a madman.

I would not have been alone in my laughter. An army of boys and girls, coerced into facing Caesar in classrooms everywhere, would have joined me. Few books, I'll wager, have been read by the young with greater disrelish than "De Bello Gallico," few have been found duller, and few hated over the centuries with a more mutinous violence.

THE conspirators who killed Caesar for me in my youth were many. Whether they are as numerous in a world in which the young have been brought up on war, are accustomed to scanning communiques, seeing battle maps in each day's newspapers, and having their fathers or older brothers in uniform, I cannot say. Yet I suspect they are. First among these assassins count the fact that to most youngsters in school Caesar is not a man or an author but an assignment. His legions are not armies; they are lessons. No matter how many battles they win, they are to a certain extent defeated before they start. So is Caesar at his most victorious. The curse of the classroom is upon them one and all.

But the classroom, though inescapably a place where pleasure is imperiled by being coupled with obligation, does not have to be a curse and frequently is not. It depends upon the teacher no less than upon what is being taught. Caesar and his world might have lived for me and my fellow sufferers in our youth, as both of them managed to survive in Shakespeare's tragedy—another assignment) if only we had known enough then to read him with ease and had not tackled him as if he were a dictionary. He might, too, have enjoyed a better chance if, instead of being taught by a person as peaceful as a dove, he had been introduced by someone who knew something about war.

Those endless marches, those countless camps, those bellicose tribes, and that bridge (oh, that bridge!)—for years the mere thought of them pained me. Had the mighty Julius appeared in our schoolroom, he would have suffered the same fate that he did in the Senate. When I had finished with such parts of his "Gallic Wars" as we were made to read, I thought I had finished with Caesar for good. And I mean for good.

Imagine, therefore, the incredulity with which I not long ago found myself picking up, and not being able to put down, "De Bello Gallico" as newly translated by John Warrington for Everyman's Library ("Caesar's War Commentaries, De Bello Gallico and De Bello Civili," Vol. 702, $1.65). Mr. Warrington admits he has taken liberties with the text. Instead of a literal translation meant to help young students, he has produced a version intended mainly for grown-ups who cannot read Latin. He has not hesitated to "elucidate obscurities by paraphrase," to give all places when possible their present names, and to employ the most modern English idioms to capture the vigor of the original. Furthermore, in the interests of vividness he has Caesar write in the first person rather than the third, an alteration which for the most part offers its obvious gains.

In spite of Mr. Warrington's slight but helpful revisions, it is not "De Bello Gallico" which has changed. It is we who come back to it and the world in which we now read it that have altered. The vocabulary of battle is nowadays on everyone's tongue. Most of us have had at least a wink at war and know a little from personal experience about the problems of combat, invasion, strategy, and logistics. No one brought up in the age of Mussolini, Hitler, Stalin, Malenkov, Franco, and Perón can have remained unschooled in the ways of dictators. Today we know, and gratefully recognize, the importance of able military leaders. We have read war books of every kind, including the memoirs of Eisenhower, Bradley, Wainwright,

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"THE BAND WAGON"
starring
FRED ASTAIRE
CYD CHARISSE
OSCAR LEVANT
NANETTE FABRAY
JACK BUCHANAN
with
JAMES MITCHELL
color by TECHNICOLOR
Story and Screen Play by
BETTY COMDEN
and ADOLPH GREEN
Songs by HOWARD DIETZ
and ARTHUR SCHWARTZ
Directed by VINCENTE MINNELLI
Produced by ARTHUR FREED
An M-G-M Picture

ON THE GREAT STAGE
"Alpine Echoes"
Gala new revue produced by Leonidoff . . . with the Rockettes, Corps de Ballet, Choral Ensemble . . . Symphony Orchestra directed by Raymond Paige.

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starring
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Screenplay by DANIEL TARADASH • Based on the best-selling novel by JAMES JONES
Directed by FRED ZINNEMANN • Produced by BUDDY ADLER • A COLUMBIA PICTURE
GIANT SCREEN • with STEREOPHONIC SOUND
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King, and Montgomery. We have had our proconsuls, too.

As a result, "De Bello Gallico" has become a new book—tragically, stirringly contemporary. In Caesar's very first paragraph we are confronted with what we know as an "Iron Curtain." In the second, *lebensraum* (in different terms) is encountered. By the third, mobilization and careful planning for *Der Tag* are reached. By the fourth paragraph we have met up with an informer, by the sixth the scorched earth policy, and by the eighth the blowing of a bridge. And so on page after page the parallels between past and present persist. We learn that Rome has been "the victim of unprovoked aggression," and hear about reparations and hostages, satellite powers and secret agents, supply routes and the exchange of prisoners, the censorship of news and the fear of a peace conference being sabotaged, and even an attempt to isolate the Cherbourg Peninsula.

WHEN in my youth I sweated my way through Caesar, my teacher, as far as I can recall, never mentioned that Napoleon, bent on destroying England, had assembled a fleet at Boulogne even as Caesar had for his second British expedition. Nowadays teachers, seeking quickening comparisons, would not have to go back so far in time. They have only to cite the barges Hitler vainly collected in the Channel or, better still, liken the armadas Caesar brought together for his attacks on Britain to the Normandy Invasion. Certainly no one who participated in that invasion can read Caesar's account of the difficulties he faced without feeling a strange and exciting brotherhood over the centuries.

I cannot thank Mr. Warrington enough for breathing life into Caesar's "Gallic War" for me. Were I a teacher hoping to make friends instead of enemies for Caesar's text, I would let my pupils make copious use of Mr. Warrington's translation. Before granting them this privilege, however, I would see to it that they had come to know something about Caesar, the man, by reading Shakespeare's tragedy, Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra," Thornton Wilder's "The Ides of March," and Plutarch's sketch. Thereafter I would lead them to the memoirs of Eisenhower, Bradley, and the rest (including Sherman and Grant). Then, and only then, would I permit them to feast upon Caesar. Perhaps they might enjoy his military narrative as much as I have recently (which is as much as I used to hate it), and come to realize that, as surely as "what's past is prologue," what's present can be prologue to the past.

BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Notes from the Right Bank

PARIS.

IF the London theatre reminds you of an expertly played bridge hand, the Paris theatre more resembles a quick game of backgammon. Each actor waits impatiently for his turn and when it comes he makes his move with obvious relish and the implicit challenge of "Beat that if you can." The audiences love the game too, and will give immediate applause for a well-performed line, or—for that matter—for a speech which echoes a sentiment they approve of. Under such conditions the scenery has decreased importance, and a great deal of it is as shabby as you would expect in American summer stock. The theatres themselves are small and horseshoe-shaped, with the spectators all fairly close to the stage. The curtain is the same in every theatre, a gold-fringed red velvet half-open curtain painted on an asbestos drop. In the center is a large peephole through which the actor can see the audience without the audience seeing him. To further emphasize the game-playing atmosphere of the performance there is a crude signal of rapping on the floor, a kind of "On your mark, get set, go" for the proceedings to commence.

This sort of theatre can be delightful. It is impossible to watch a performance without immediately wanting to take a crack at it yourself, much like American youngsters always rush out on the gridiron to tackle each other right after a big game.

These qualities are perceptible at their greatest amplitude in what the French call the boulevard theatres, those places where the management presents lightly entertaining plays for audiences with sophisticated tastes. Perhaps the best play of this type running here at the season's end was "L'heure éblouissante," an adaptation of an Italian play by Anna Bonacci. It has a far-fetched plot in which the prudish wife of a church organist changes places with the town courtesan for one night so that the courtesan pretending to be the wife can give herself to a visiting dignitary who will in return award a prize to the organist for one of his compositions.

The two women's roles are difficult, but are played with charm by Hélenè Bellanger and Jeanne Moreau. However, the performance of the evening is Pierre Blanchar's portrayal of the cuckolding and cuckolded organist. This esteemed actor wears a red wig and a stiff wing collar, which—because it prevents him from moving his head very much—focuses your attention on his beautifully modulated facial expressions. While you may lament the fact that M. Blanchar is giving two years of his career to a light comedy role, his work in "L'heure éblouissante" is reassuring evidence that a great actor does not have to discard his art when he departs from great drama.

On the other hand, Gaby Morlay and André Luquet—both good performers—bring more technique than art to their comic roles in André Roussin's "Lorsque l'enfant paraît." The play itself is a *tour de force* in which the author composes sparklingly humorous variations on the simple dramatic situation that occurs when a character announces that old theatrical cliché, "I am pregnant."

The script gives the actors endless opportunities to express surprise and helpless anger, and Mme. Morlay and M. Luguet are in their element. The former is mistress of the double-take and is adept at expressing herself by fiddling with her handkerchief. By sheer skill she controls the laughter and attention of her audience. M. Luguet is generally less broad in his interpretation, although he has one hilarious moment when his suspenders fly loose in reaction to a particularly astonishing revelation. Since the spirit of "Lorsque l'enfant paraît" is not credibility but dexterity, the hokum is much enjoyed by French theatregoers.

THERE are other types of plays which seem to be very popular here but which require a different preconception of acceptance than is customary on Broadway. Marcel Aymé's uproarious satire on the court system, "La tête des autres," is excellent fun. In it a falsely condemned murderer escapes and discovers that the unknown girl who was his alibi is not only the mistress of the prosecuting attorney but the wife of the judge. Getting the matter straightened out exposes a great many of the weaknesses of the judicial system, let alone the judiciary.

Then there is the out-and-out bedroom farce, a good example of which is Jean de Letraz's "La pucelle d'Auteuil." This particular play fea-

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raises a young man who saves the reputation of a married woman, caught in a state of undress in his apartment, by posing as a woman. The situation is complicated by the return of his fiancée. This is a vehicle that might do very well in some of our summer theatres.

Tourists going to Paris usually feel that the two typically French things to see are the Grand Guignol and the "Folies-Bergère." If the current attractions at these two theatres are true samples, just the opposite is the case. The Grand Guignol, which has changed hands since its heads-dropping-off-into-the-basket days, is now doing an American gangster play much like the typical television suspense show. A brief moment or two of torture is about as far as the young actors of this very small theatre go in the expected direction. The current edition of the "Folies-Bergère" is a long series of spectacular scenes, most of which you might expect to see at the Radio City Music Hall. The scenic effects and costumes are admittedly ingenious, and a huge birdcage that descends from the ceiling is in the great tradition of spectacle. As for the famous nudity, there is an occasional dash of that with statues coming to life, chasing each other into underwater pools, and applying furtive body massages to symbolize the ecstasy of love. There is nothing here that Mike Todd couldn't do better.

Much more original, sexy, and hilarious is "Ah, les belles Bacchantes," an intimate revue which pokes fun at the "Folies-Bergère." The brain child of thirty-one-year-old Robert Dhery, it has ingenious skits, beautiful nudes, and fine humor. Particularly funny is Louis de Funes, a Ben Turpin-like comedian; there is a good scene in a bath house, a take-off on Katherine Dunham, and the next-to-closing number, in which four monks become infected with a syncopated version of "Frère Jacques," is a show-stopper.

For more serious theatre summer is not a good time, as most of it closes down. The Jean-Louis Barrault-Madeline Renaud company takes a well-deserved rest from its strenuous schedule, Julien Green's "Sud" lays off till September, and Jean Vilar's Théâtre National Populaire hits the festival circuit. However, caught just before it closed was the Théâtre-Hebertot, which was presenting on alternate nights Georges Bernanos' "Dialogues des Carmelites" and a mixed bill of André Gide's "Le retour de l'enfant prodigue" and Henry de Montherlant's "Le maître de Santiago." While the actors here are relative unknowns the productions are excellent. Although "Dialogues des Carmelites," the story of an aristocratic novitiate who is called on to demonstrate her faith by voluntarily accompanying her sisters to the guillotine, is the most moving, "Le maître de Santiago" is the most memorable. Director Pau Ootteley and costumer Mariano Andreu have collaborated to produce the latter play in the manner of a Velasquez painting. The actors too, particularly Marcel Josz, really seem to live in the strange world of that period.

Also caught just before he closed was Marcel Marceau and his company of mimes. This young friend of Jean-Louis Barrault is at his best in the role of Bip, the forlorn *"homme sandwich."* Bip is perhaps best described in Marceau's own words, taken from an article in the current edition of "Opera, Ballet, Music Hall in the World" published by the International Theatre Institute: "Bip is seeking a myth, that of the fiction whereby emotion is aroused by a human being placed in situations in themselves either dramatic or hilarious, but always bordering on the tragic. Bip as he moves around the world of fantasy he himself has created is not a tragic hero but a comic hero always on the brink of tragedy—one might say, Charlie Chaplin's younger brother."

M. MARCEAU'S Bip does indeed have a touch of Chaplin, as well as of Jimmie Savo and Jack Gilford. He is heartbreaking and ecstatic in the sequence where Bip catches a butterfly and lets him go only to find that its wing is injured and that it cannot get off the ground. Bip helps it and becomes more and more desperately sad as his efforts prove fruitless. Finally the butterfly does manage to sustain its flight and Bip's expression as he watches hopefully is the human essence of the act of flying. In another sequence he plays both David and Goliath, and his quick changes from one to the other indicate how much an actor can do to alter his appearance solely by posture and facial control. In the longer mimes, such as "Un soir aux Funambules" and "Les trois Penuques," he is slightly less effective, probably because he gives too much attention to the business of telling the plot at the expense of the story, which in art is what really matters. And M. Marceau and his company are in that high category. They should be invited to appear wherever there is serious interest in the theatre.

Finally, of course, there is the Comédie Française, which operates at half-speed during the summer. This Government-sponsored theatre, going since 1680, is a most worthwhile public institution. During the season it presents as many as twenty-four plays a week at its two theatres. These range

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from those of Corneille, Racine, and Molière to works by such modern playwrights as Obey, Cocteau, and Mauriac. There are always a small number of seats at ten cents, which means that the French theatre has had the wisdom to stock itself with future audiences made up of people who acquire the theatregoing habit at an early age.

THE plays themselves are faithfully presented by highly trained actors. Mauriac's "Asmodée," an Ibsenite work about a woman who is eventually trapped by her own selfish desire to be loved, is a tragedy of missed occupations, a tragedy which happens to most of us through no deliberate fault of our own. Since this play retains the original directions of Jacques Copeau, there is more ensemble playing in it than one usually finds at the Comédie, and it is an absorbing evening of theatre.

When the Comédie performs Molière, it is another story. One finds a tremendous reverence for the man who, although he died seven years before the Comédie Française was founded, is listed as its first dean. In "Tartuffe" the actors perform as if they were listening to all the actors who had played the roles before them. The fidelity is high, but the joyful overflow of true comedy is strangely missing. In the short after-piece, "Sganerelle, ou le cocu imaginaire," the actors perform in perspective scenery and with less restraint. The pert Gisèle Casadesus even goes so far as to thumb her nose at one point. Yet there is still a lack of the kind of comic invention that the late Louis Jouvet brought to Molière.

Tragedy fares slightly better. Racine's "Andromaque" is a perfect vehicle for Comédie acting. Each performer has long declamatory speeches during which his emotions are allowed to rise gradually to the bursting point. The actor must be not only powerful but disciplined. If Oliver in Oedipus held his soul out in front of him, the Comédie actors hold their texts and stage directions in front of them. As a consequence one admires more than one is engrossed in their performances.

There is so much that is marvelous about the Comédie Française and the function it performs that one hesitates to detail its shortcomings. Whether to correct these would destroy the institution is debatable. But much of the best recent French theatre has come as a reaction to the staidness of the Comédie, and what Americans see in Paris as typically French owes a great deal to the traditions maintained by the world's oldest repertory company. —HENRY HEWES.

Sir Laurence's Opus 3

THERE was a time, back in the nickelodeon ages, when going to the movies was considered quite disreputable. Audiences were composed largely of the uneducated and the illiterate. Somewhere along the line a few of the early film makers thought how fine it might be if they were to use their medium to elevate the masses, to introduce them to the better things in life. Dutifully they began to photograph Shakespeare and other classic dramas in the public domain, enlisting the support of such notables as Sarah Bernhardt, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, Duse, even opera stars like Mary Garden and Enrico Caruso. The resulting films were dismal—theatrical, uncinematic, tending on the whole to bore and bewilder their audiences rather than uplift them. But Sarah Bernhardt in "Camille" and Mme. Réjane in "Madame Sans-Gêne" managed to confer a certain respectability upon the lowly movies, bringing a whole new class of customers to the box-offices.

In recent years Sir Laurence Olivier has picked up the cudgels of culture from those early producers, but with a notable difference. Whereas the first attempts to film great plays or grand operas produced only the barest suggestion of the original work, Sir Laurence—in "Henry V," "Hamlet," and now **"The Beggar's Opera"** (Warner Bros.)—has sought to re-create them as far as possible in terms of film, pruning, rearranging, reshaping them to the peculiar demands of the movie camera. Happily, this has not included "popularizing" them by adding such sure-fire box-office ingredients as miscast stars, misplaced spectacle, and glamour. Olivier has steadfastly preserved, even cherished, the integrity of the originals. But this veteran of theatre and film is perceptive of the differences between the two media. His Shakespearean films achieved a remarkably successful compromise in a field where compromise is generally disastrous.

In his new "Beggar's Opera" Olivier can afford considerably more freedom. The opera that is its source is rather more venerated than performed. It has few lines or even arias whose absence would be noted by any but students of the work—or objected to by any but pedants. Actually, "The Beggar's Opera," which John Gay wrote back in 1728, is much less an opera than a primitive form of today's musical comedy, filled with a lively topical humor that binds together a generous succession of lovely ballads and sprightly patter songs. The music, lightly Handeled, is lilting, winning, but scarcely soaring or profound. Its plot, involving an amorous highwayman and a number of susceptible girls, is perhaps most generously described as picaresque. Chances are that Christopher Fry, who added dialogue freely to the original and even some new lyrics, is a far better playwright than Gay. Certainly he has furnished lines that are nimble, witty, and graceful while retaining all the satiric edge for which the opera is famous.

The scene of "The Beggar's Opera" is the brawling, lusty London of Hogarth's time, with corruption the order of the day and poverty the greatest crime of all. Its hero is Captain MacHeath, a handy man with a pistol and a gay blade with the ladies. His exploits on the highway land him repeatedly in Newgate Gaol, but the warder's daughter just as repeatedly contrives his escape—at least until she discovers he is married to another. Then it is up to someone else to save him from the gallows. Fortunately, the author is himself so enamored of his bold, rascally hero that he intervenes personally to provide the happy ending. MacHeath is saved literally, as his final refrain has it, "by an opera made by a beggar."

TO THIS is added a rich gallery of portraits reminiscent at once of Hogarth and Dickens—pious old Peachum, who makes his fortune off the highwayman's stolen goods; Lockit, the head of Newgate Gaol, with chains to fit every purse; respectable Mrs. Trapes, proprietress of London's most fashionable gaming house and alert to any additional incomes on the side; and Filch, a misshapen street boy straight out of Fagin's band. Even Polly Peachum, the heroine, is like one of Dickens's girls, pure but simple-minded. Polly reacts with outright horror to her mother's practical suggestion that she turn in her husband, MacHeath, for the price on his head before it is claimed by another. But it is the spirit of Hogarth that dominates the final scenes as the Captain, astride his coffin, rides in triumph through the drunken, cheering crowds to the gallows.

As in "Henry V," Olivier has chosen to lead his audiences back in time

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through a carefully prepared introduction showing a grim view of Newgate where the real MacHeath awaits his death. Into the crowded common room is flung a beggar with a manuscript under his arm. It is an opera composed in honor of the notorious highwayman Captain MacHeath. Mac-Heath is annoyed, then amused—and the opera itself is under way. But this work has none of the stiffness of conventional opera. As directed by Peter Brook, the brilliant young Englishman recently signed by Rudolf Bing to stage several works for the Met, it flows lightly and gracefully. His camera is never aimlessly peripatetic: either there is some important action that must be observed or Brook invents fresh and interesting groupings for his singers. And, to harmonize with the artificiality of the operatic form, he maintains a delightfully mannered style for his players. Even soliloquies, the difficult offstage "asides," come across charmingly in this technique.

Olivier himself plays the dashing MacHeath with keen appreciation of the satire implicit in the role. He also sings his own part, revealing a light tenor that is always agreeable if not always true. Dorothy Tutin makes a fragile, lovely Polly, her impeccable diction matched by the unspecified soprano who sings the role. In fact, after the manner of "Tales of Hoffmann," all the featured players with the exception of Olivier and Stanley Holloway, the amusingly vocal Lockit, have their vocal counterparts, skilled performers approximate human characters less and carefully trained in the difficult art of "dubbing." Only rarely can this process work actually be observed, and its advantages are immediately apparent. Excellent actors perform the work; equally excellent singers—who may not be quite so adept as actors—deliver Gay's simple-sounding yet demanding arias.

The music itself has been entrusted to Sir Arthur Bliss (with the indefatigable Muir Mathieson on the podium.) Bliss has rearranged, rescored, and even, where necessary, added to the original. Because John Gay gave no indication of orchestration, aside from the overture, Bliss had fairly wide latitude. If his music tends to lean more toward nineteenth- than an eighteenth-century sound, there are still many rewards in it, such as the ponderous funeral march that accompanies Captain MacHeath on his roistering way to the gallows.

This "Beggar's Opera" has been done with a prodigal hand, prodigality tempered by taste and discernment. Opera on film requires a bold hand as well. Sir Laurence has played it to perfection. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

Laurence Olivier as Captain MacHeath—"opera on film requires a bold hand."

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KPFA—An Experiment in Radio

LESS than thirty years ago, when radio first became a practical reality, our imaginations were captured by the almost unlimited possibilities of this new wonder. But, although the medium has become one of the most powerful mass influences in the modern world, little significant experimentation has taken place. One notable exception is now in process in California—a test of listener-sponsored radio at KPFA in Berkeley.

This station aspires to a kind of broadcasting which clearly could not be carried out within the confines of commercial radio. Radio supported by advertising automatically places rigid restrictions upon the freedom of the broadcaster regardless of his sphere of expression. These restrictions are both mechanical and subtle. The necessity to limit programs to interludes between commercials has far-reaching effects upon the entire broadcasting endeavor. Programs subject to the tyranny of the stop-watch have not, and cannot, attract the serious writers, composers, and thinkers in contemporary American culture. KPFA's non-profit, non-commercial station, designed to be self-supporting through listener-subscriptions, provides the luxury of uninterrupted time to the serious artist.

As a result, the station has premiered scores of significant works of contemporary composers, ranging from the world-famous to young composers studying in the area. It broadcasts full-length dramas recorded in London on the BBC's famous Third Programme. It presents informal sessions lasting more than an hour of rehearsals by the Griller Quartet, and a spontaneous performance by Henry Cowell of his major works, interspersed with personal reminiscences about the compositions. Its varied public-affairs discussions, searching frankly into the crucial public dilemmas of our times, are completely informal conversations which continue to their natural conclusions.

KPFA is not in competition with commercial radio since it does not compete in the advertising market. Its audience is that large minority of people who are not served by established radio. The project is intended to supplement, rather than compete in, the provision of the kind of radio that has never been available. KPFA broadcasts on a FM frequency and its plan of self-support requires the ten-dollar subscription per year of only 2 per cent of the FM audience of the area. The subscription plan for radio is unique. This is the only experiment of its kind in the world, and its theory is based upon the common practice of subscribing to newspapers, magazines, and other media.

Despite the logical practicality of the listener-sponsorship idea, KPFA escaped none of the difficulties which accompany any radically different and pioneering endeavor. The problem of financing such an experiment has been almost insurmountable. Before the station began broadcasting in the spring of 1949 three years were spent raising contributions throughout the country to launch the test of listener-sponsored radio. Capital was necessary to build the station and operate it while listeners were attracted and then awakened to their responsibility to maintain the station. There was never enough money at one time to operate with any long-range certainty, and the first year the small overworked staff struggled to raise money from week to week to keep going. Many paydays passed without enough money left over to meet staff salaries.

After fifteen months the first stage of the experiment was concluded. KPFA's staff, though very poor, had accumulated a wealth of hard-won facts about the practicality of listener-sponsored radio. Two-and-one-half per cent of the FM audience in the Berkeley area had subscribed to the station. There were no promotion funds to acquaint the community with the station's existence, so listeners discovered the station by accident or through the ardent enthusiasm of other listeners. Still, this percentage of response was slightly higher than that needed from the entire metropolitan audience to support KPFA. What was needed at this point was the capital to purchase equipment to deliver a good signal to the entire San Francisco Bay area, and funds to operate long enough to obtain sufficient subscribers.

When KPFA went off the air, because this money was not available, an extraordinary thing happened. Listeners, refusing to let KPFA disappear without a fight, hurriedly called a meeting. Though few of them had ever met before, they were soon planning ways to get KPFA back on the air. They collected $2,300 at the meeting to begin a community-wide effort, and groups were formed up and down the San Francisco Bay area for a large, though amateur, fund-raising campaign. In its short life KPFA had already become indispensable to a large and diverse group of Bay area citizens. By May 19, 1951, this cooperative effort resulted in the re-establishment of the station with a signal of 16,100 watts.

SIGNIFICANT as this development was in the project's history, it did not solve the basic problem—enough capital to operate the station during the long process of making the station's existence known and conveying the need for listener support. The nation-wide implications of listener-sponsorship as a new form of radio broadcasting caused the Fund for Adult Education, set up by the Ford Foundation, to study the KPFA experiment. Interested in the completion of the test, the Fund for Adult Education contributed funds to increase KPFA's signal to 50,000 watts so it could reach the entire audience of the San Francisco Bay area. Funds were allocated also to meet operational deficits for a limited period while listener subscriptions increased toward the goal of self-support. These funds, based on expected subscription income, diminish according to estimated revenue from listeners—whether this revenue is forthcoming or not. The grant is solely concerned with giving KPFA's plan of self-support a chance. The burden of proof remains upon the listeners of the station.

If enough listeners subscribe, the KPFA experiment will establish a workable precedent for similar stations to be started all over the country. If there are not enough listeners willing to support this kind of radio, the project will be terminated.

A positive response from the region's community of listeners to KPFA will determine more than the future of listener-sponsored radio in this country. It will furnish proof that a democracy can produce an independent, free-thinking, controversial radio medium. It will prove that the citizens in a democracy are capable of individual action and personal responsibility in demanding and supporting a public institution that reflects their tastes, opinions, and differences. It will re-establish the fact that vitality in a democracy springs from action of the people when they join together to provide for themselves the uncommon good.

—LEO DOYLE.

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Nights in the Gardens of Provence

AIX-EN-PROVENCE.

THE revival of interest in the Italian instrumental literature of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is a major musical happening.

Here in Aix it has been the group called "I Musici" which has been preaching the gospel of Vivaldi and Corelli, Albinoni and Marcello. In Menton next week it will be the "Orchestre Corelli de Rome," and in Edinburgh next month it will be the "Virtuosi di Roma." This is a public manifestation of the same impulse which has created a vast Vivaldi literature on records, with Corelli and the rest to follow.

The vital, satisfying performance of "I Musici" prompted some questions, and an American-born member of the group (who had been taken back to Italy as a child and lived there so long that Italian is now his mother tongue) offered the information that this ensemble—like the others mentioned above—stems from Rome and has been playing together something more than two years. They number about eighteen young musicians (three of the players are women) and include several virtuosi of the older viols who double as solo performers. They plan, our informant told us, an American tour in "fifty-fifty," which, by mutual agreement, was interpreted as 1955.

When they come Americans will hear a rich-sounding ensemble which in Aix played the G major Sonata (Opus 2, No. 6) of Albinoni without conductor and the Cello Concerto of Pietro Fiocco with Silvano Zuccarini, as soloist, cueing the entrances, likewise Bruno Giuranna as leader of the D major Concerto of Vivaldi, in which he played the viola d'amore part. Fiocco was known to me only as the composer of an "Allegro" once favored by the very young Yehudi Menuhin; the first measures of the concerto established that this was, in fact, the same Allegro, in what may be assumed to be its original form. Zuccarini's skilful performance tended to be somewhat saccharine in its accentuations, but he is a very young man who can well surmount such tendencies. Certainly he plays beautiful cello.

Giuranna, however, is a star performer on his odd instrument; he had the audience in the courtyard of the Eglise Saint Jean de Malte on its feet in a mass demonstration of approval. He manipulated the multi-stringed instrument (somewhere between the violin and the conventional viola in sound) with finesse and without overt muscular effort in a work of Vivaldi's truest character—broad, sonorous, lyrical. The good-sized audience left much of the spacious court unfilled, which is not likely to be the case later in the week when the word-of-mouth gets in its work before a program that moves the historical coverage down to Paisiello and Rossini.

In the same courtyard a few days before Leon Fleisher braved the disadvantages both of the open air and a Pleyel piano to perform a solo recital restricted to three works—the Opus 39 Waltzes of Brahms, the B flat (posthumous) Sonata of Schubert, and the variations of Brahms on a theme by Handel. If this seems to throw the mind in the direction of such another contemporary as Clifford Curzon, the reason is not hard to find—both are inheritors of the pianistic and musical philosophy of the late Artur Schnabel. Fleisher, of San Francisco (he won the "premier grand prix" in the Brussels competition last fall), was one of the master's last disciples.

This is not an easy literature to make a success with, especially in the circumstances; but Fleisher won both respect and admiration for his concentration on musical essentials, by his feeling for line and phrase, contrast and accent. There is always a musical impulse in his pianistic manipulation, and he has the sensitivity to play the first movement of the Schubert sonata almost "mezza voce" throughout, resisting the kind of thunderous contrast that marred Vladimir Horowitz's playing of the same work in Carnegie Hall not many months ago. He still lacks the discipline to resist a little dreamy reverie on a succulent phrase now and then, but he possesses the temperamental and musicianly resource to become an important interpreter of this literature. He too was well received, especially for his playing of the Brahms-Handel variations.

Operatically, activity at Aix continues to be rather below the quality of these individual efforts, for a series of highly apparent reasons: indiscriminate casting, insufficient rehearsal, rather lax leadership. Altogether, "Il Barbiere," and "Nozze di Figaro" might have yielded a single excellent cast, but among three works it was spread rather thin. Vocally I was impressed by Franco Calabrese, who sang an accomplished Basilio in "Il Barbiere," and Giorgio Tozzi (an American, despite the name) carried the load of Figaro in the Mozart opera with a stalwart physical presence and a pleasant vocal quality. Dramatically there was an accomplished bit by Hugues Cuenod as the Basilio of "Le Nozze," and Nell Tangeman gave good values to the character parts of Marcelline and Berta. Jacqueline Delman, a leggy English girl who replaced Maria Morales as Cherubino, has had virtually no stage experience, which scarcely contributed to good ensemble. Her voice was light for this part, but she has an engaging manner that might be productive in time. Also an added starter was Scipio Colombo, as Almaviva in "Figaro" (Calabrese was announced but withdrew). He is a performer of obvious assurance, but his voice is rather burly for the suave aristocrat, his sense of Mozartian line underdeveloped.

TWO Americans had a considerable success with the audience in leading female roles: Dolores Wilson, who is down for a Metropolitan debut in February, sang a confident if fluttery Rosina, while singing fluently in a voice of rather brittle quality, and Teresa Stich-Randall repeated the effect of her Fiordiligi in "Così"—that is to say, the musical detail was well-conceived, but its vocal articulation was small in size even for the intimate outdoor theatre. However, both were lavishly applauded, especially Miss Stich-Randall for her "Dove sono." Renato Capecchi's Figaro is still in its formative stages, and Cesare Valetti as Almaviva had too much white in the voice for my taste. Though still immature, Graziella Sciutti's Susanna is well worth filing for future reference.

As productions "Il Barbiere" had some promise in its first scene, but André Derain hardly added to his repute with what followed. For me Antoni Clavé's decor for "Le Nozze" was just ugly. Maurice Sarrazin staged both works with some amusing touches of originality. In the pit Carlo-Maria Giulini, a youngish maestro from La Scala, seemed capable of doing more with "Il Barbiere" than he did, and if Hans Rosbaud's "Figaro" was sprightlier than his "Così," it still sagged badly at crucial moments. Taken together, about all that brought this listener impulsively to his feet at Aix were the hard seats.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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When They Begynn the Bergen Bekjenn

BERGEN.

THE metropolis of Bergen on the west coast of Norway exudes a rather special flavor, and not only because it is vastly occupied with fish. Probably this is a good thing because Bergen has 150,000 citizens, is the second city of the kingdom, and it wouldn't be well for such a settlement to go around smelling of herring. Or even cod.

What makes Bergen special is that it has grown up on one of the ragged peninsular fringes of the west shoreline and is protected from the mainland by a cordon of seven hills. One of the few things that keep Bergen connected to the rest of Norway is the similarity of language and the Bergen-Oslo Railway, which was installed in 1909. Before that it was far easier for Bergeners to travel down to London or Hamburg than to their own capital. This situation gave rise to the nifty boffola of the day, "I'm not from Norway, I'm from Bergen." Well, then. On with the lesson.

Before I get too far away from the subject, I don't want to leave the impression that the air around the docks in Bergen is all Shalimar and Nuit de Noël. The biggest damn open-air fish market you ever saw is a lively (and portable) enterprise active each day until about 2 P. M., when the fishmongers fold their tables, load everything on carts, and steal away. During business hours, however, there is a sort of pleasant bedlam, the fishmongers in yellow aprons and blue shirts making fast talk with the housewives who are down to buy a mackerel which only ten minutes before thought that life was a barrel of live mackerel. Anyway, behind the market the masts and guy ropes of Bergen's tremendous fishing fleet rise in a tangled mass that somehow gets untangled each morning at the ungainly hour that fishing boats put out. One wharfside street, known as the Bryggen, is lined with the most wonderful assortment of creaky, wooden, fish-town houses seen since Spencer Tracy played the part of a Portuguese mackerel catcher.

Mine is not to reason why (and I am thankful to avoid the responsibility), but if there is one thing that will take the mind of Bergeners away from fish and shipping it is music. I had never thought about fish mixing with music, or for that matter with anything except maybe chips, but this music kick is solidly entrenched. For one thing there is the matter of Edvard Grieg, the great Norwegian composer who was born, worked, and died here. Troldhaugen, his home in the suburbs, sits in a grove of white birches with purple pansies and scarlet geraniums all around. Down the hill, at the water's edge, is Grieg's red clapboard workshop and his piano with built-in candelabra. Here he could look out on the placid lake and the string of islands fuzzy with trees and connected by bridges. On Midsummer's Eve, longest day of the year, with bonfires burning on all the surrounding hills, the local folk would dress in their native costumes and paddle their boats down the lake where Grieg's place is. The composer would throw open the doors, and while he played his own themes his wife would sing to the floating audience. There are some who still remember those nights.

Grieg died in 1907, and he and his wife are buried now in a crypt hewn out of a boulder overlooking the lake. A rough chisel has made the inscription: Edvard and Nina Grieg. Fox gloves shoot skyward like purple arrows from the moss atop the crypt, birds sing in the far distance, a brown squirrel runs the woodlands without cracking a branch, and the guide says, "Listen to the quiet."

Things are considerably noisier Bergen's regimental band marches through the streets and serenades the town from a gingerbread bandstand in the square. The oompah floats across Ole Bulls Plass in front of the harried Hotel Norge, where Ole Bull, a local violinist who toured America in the middle Eighties, draws his bronze bow.

Early each June, Bergen presents an international musical festival which draws the finest names in music. I regret to report that all these worthies had long since packed their stands and fled perhaps to Bayreuth, Salzburg, the Pepsi-Cola program, or other seats of culture. For those of us who arrived in the height of the tourist season the only music in musical Bergen was the daily band in the square, a string ensemble in the sedate Hotel Bristol massaging Richard Rodgers's score from "The King and I," and the current fare at Den Nationale Scene, the local repertory theater.

SINCE the spring the curtain at Den Nationale Scene, where Ibsen was director for five years, has been ringing up nightly with Cole Porter's "Anything Goes." It is given in Norwegian with certain allowances for untranslatable items in the book which was written by Wodehouse, Guy Bolton, Lindsay and Crouse back in the Thirties.

For the equivalent of $1.30, checkroom charge included, one could have a seat in tenth row center and listen for familiar words spoken twenty years ago by Bill Gaxton and Victor Moore to filter through the Norwegian. The libretto had been considerably updated, and one could catch glimpsing references to Mc-

Woman of Voss, fishmonger from Stavanger—Is a sardine a sprat?

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Carran, Carstine Jorgenson, and other statesmen.

The music proved to be something of a Cole Porter medley, for we were suddenly faced with the insistent rhythms of "Natt og Dag," which to the best of my recollection first appeared in "The Gay Divorcee." At any rate it was the first bit of Norwegian I could understand for the lyric went:

Som små dunk-dunk-dunk pa en
tam-tam
Har mitt hjerte slått for deg
Og med tikk takk tikk
Små sekunder gikk
Som de var små år for meg
Of hvert drypp-drypp-drypp nar
det regnte . . .

After that unexpected interlude it was rather disheartening to learn that "Begynn og Bekjenn" from the show "Jubilee" had been cut out.

The songs that actually had appeared in the original "Anything Goes" came through loud and clear with, as I say, certain changes necessitated by the years. In the interests of those who might be curious to know how the old hit "You're the Top" sounds to a Norwegian, I submitted a few verses for local translation and these I pass on to you unabridged. (Harald Saeverud was a Norwegian composer.)

You are great. You are Colosseum.
You are great. You are like
Louvre Museum
Like a Shakespearean "ogre," a
bride.
A symphonius poem
So specific, like Saeverud
No doubt; You are the tower of
Pisa
And your smile. You are like
Mona Lisa
I am nothing. Only a zero here on
earth.
But even if I am diminutive,
You are great.

The action, as you may recall, required a trip abroad, and this resulted in a pierside scene in New York with signs reading "Douane-Toll-Customs" and a big red arrow pointing the way to "McCarran." When the girls of the chorus rolled into the title song it went like this:

Day is night today
Even Chaplin is cheerless today
He is banished today
From his dear Hollywood
And Trygve Lie is trying to get
slim,
McCarran doesn't care a fig
He is screening every man,
Anything Goes!

This concludes today's discourse on the musical mores of musical old Bergen. I think I had better tell you, however, that the city calls itself the Doorway to Norway, a slogan that rhymes nicely, and indeed it is the pleasantest of trips—if the North Sea is behaving—to sail over from England directly into the doorway aboard the handsome motorship *Venus*. If you are acquainted with the usual assortment of coastal ships, the *Venus* will flabbergast you, for it offers at modest fees a modern, modish, expansive decor that would be hard to beat aboard a transatlantic liner. Once ashore in Bergen, a combination of buses and steamers will lift you through the chasms of the Hardanger fjord up to the new hotel at Ulvik, or through Voss to the Sogn fjord and around to Flåm [*SR* Aug. 1].

On the other hand, a body taking to the air with Scandinavian Airlines—that amicable aerial entente of Norway, Denmark, and Sweden—can fly from London, yea, even New York, and land directly at the highly-developed jet airbase just outside Stavanger. Now Stavanger is another Norway doorway south of Bergen and, although it is up to its hips in fish, it doesn't give a cod's entrails for music unless you call music the clatter of sardine cans as they tumble off the conveyer belt.

RIGHT near the airport there is a fine resort hotel called the Sola Strand, which occupies a choice location on one of Norway's few stretches of sandy shore. It is loaded with all kinds of native Norwegian art and antiques, and a quiet life among the tufted dunes with nothing more strenuous at hand than a bar and a badminton court costs about $6 a day in the ordinary room, and that takes in meals. A one-night stand in the royal corner suite where King Haakon has stayed, including bedroom, sitting room, terrace, and bath, will drain you of a flat seven bucks. Anybody looking for simpler quarters can put up at the Hotel Hummeren, which is to say, the Lobster Hotel, for as little as $3 a day, which includes a simple room *and* meals. Fresh hummeren crawl about in a tank awaiting the day they will take the hot water plunge, but if you would rather go hunt your own

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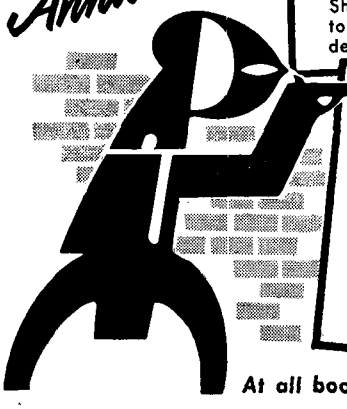

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fare you can put out to sea in the hotel's own skiff. Among the other accoutrements to life at three dollars per diem, I should add a view of the cove with fishing smacks sitting fifty yards offshore, and dancing in the hotel's nightclub every evening.

This brings me over the rough-prose road to Stavanger itself, which has recently built a first-class modern hotel called the Atlantic with one of the finest dining rooms in the Scandinavian motif seen anywhere. It also has an unparalleled view of the Bredevann, a lake possessed of a permanent complement of swans, ducks, geese, and a number of transient web-feet who pass through on the way to mild climates. Each year on the first of May Stavanger's new ducklings march through town heading for the waters of the Bredevann. That is the parade day also chosen by the town's ultra Leftists, and last year while police held back the crowds in anticipation of the political paraders a party of duck and ducklings marched straight down the avenue. The May Day parade wasn't the same after that.

STAVANGER'S fish market is a fraction the size of Bergen's, but it stretches out by the harbor just the same, and if anything is a little more colorful. Fruit and vegetable stands are stretched all over the hilly, cobbled streets surrounded by two-story wooden buildings in all colors.

Being a doorway to the fjords for tourists, Stavanger functions similarly for sardines which come in from the ocean each summer to spawn, and end up being shipped abroad in a tin casket. There ought to be a moral there somewhere. There are sixty canning factories in Stavanger, and I should like to report that sardines are kept alive for three days to get all the food out of their stomachs, that they arrive at the tinnery at 6 A. M. and are all sealed up by nightfall. In the meantime they are soaked in brine, put on a rack like thousands of shiny tin soldiers, smoked over an oak fire, then submitted to a mass guillotine.

Things haven't been all roses with Norway's sardines. There was quite a battle with the French, some years back, who didn't believe that Stavanger's sardines were sardines at all. The French said they were pint-sized herring. The British import Stavanger sardines, but they insist that they be labeled brisling, which is a sprat, which is a small herring. America imports Stavanger sardines too, and by law they may not be called anything but sardines. If everyone let Stavanger call its sardines sardines, that would be real music in Stavanger.

—HORACE SUTTON.

NEW EDITIONS

Old Words in New Letters

SPEAKING of translations, here are a few—most of which fail to confirm the old saying, *traduttori traditori.*

Richmond Lattimore's translation of the "Oresteia" of Aeschylus (University of Chicago, $2.50) has all the virtues that readers of his earlier translations from the Greek would expect to find in it. Anyone who can go beyond the first hundred lines, without realizing that he is in the hands of a poet as well as a scholar, is unfit for the reading he has undertaken. And Mr. Lattimore, who is Professor of Greek at Bryn Mawr, is a poet who profoundly respects his original. It has long been the fashion—see the translations of Campbell, Morshead, and others—to put the choruses of Aeschylus into neatly rhymed English verse. Mr. Lattimore, on the contrary, carries over into English the irregular prosodic patterns of the Greek, with all their verbal muscularity, tensions, effective harshness, and tight-packed meaning. He also scores, where many predecessors failed, by always preferring simple to elaborate diction. Need more be said?

From the Greek, too, we have S. O. Andrew's translation of Homer's "Odyssey" ($1.25), and a prose translation of "The Greek Bucolic Poets" (Cambridge, $3.75), by A. S. F. Gow. Using an easy-running, five-stress line with a dactylic base, Mr. Andrew has managed to combine the merits of an accurate prose version with the pleasures of skilful narrative verse, and has piously preserved the Homeric stylistic conventions that have been so often rejected. This is an "Odyssey" that can be read with sustained enjoyment. Mr. Gow, whose Greek edition of Theocritus has been called a masterpiece by scholars, follows gracefully, and I am sure accurately, in the steps of Andrew Lang, who made his cherished versions of Theocritus, Moschus and Bion, more than seventy years ago. It seems to me that for the English reader there is little to choose between Lang and Gow.

In giving us a new prose translation of "The Aeneid of Vergil" (Rinehart Editions, 75¢), Kevin Guinagh has again worked a field in which, for generations, countless thousands of amateur translators have toiled more or less unwillingly. His achievement is remarkable, for his prose is delightful, his rhythms memorably fashioned.

And now—six volumes from the French: "The Confessions of Jean-Jacques Rousseau" (Penguin, $1), translated by J. M. Cohen; "The Marquis de Sade, An Essay by Simone de Beauvoir, with Selections from his Writings chosen by Paul Dinnage" (Grove Press, $5); Alfred de Vigny's "The Military Necessity" —*Servitude et Grandeur militaires*— (Grove, $3); "Rimbaud's Illuminations, A Study in Angelism" (Grove, $4), with a new translation and the French text of the poems; Rimbaud's "The Drunken Boat" (British Book Centre, $2.50), with French text and translation by Brian Hill; and Radiguet's "Count d'Orgel" (Grove, $3), translated by Violet Schiff.

MR. COHEN has been highly successful in his translation of the enduringly fascinating autobiography of a writer who was surely one of the most contemptible of all famous, influential men. Mr. Dinnage gives the English reader some choice specimens of Sade's writings, the work not only of a master pornographer, but of a perverse philosopher who pushed his logic to the limit; but Mr. Dinnage finds it necessary to leave some of the most obscene passages in French. Mr. Hare's translation of Vigny's masterpiece, so strangely composed of romantic elements and realistic insights, has been beautifully done. One need go no further than the rendition of *"Je laisserai le vent baigner ma tête nue"* as "The wind will blow moist on my uncovered head" to see that even the simplest Rimbaud is beyond Mr. Hill's reach. Mr. Fowlie has done better with the prose of the "Illuminations," but most readers will agree when he says that in writing them, "Rimbaud learns something of the greatest catastrophe for an artist, that of incommunicability." Radiguet's subtle, penetrating, adroitly phrased love story is well-preserved at the age of thirty—with the mark of Cocteau plain on many pages.

Philip L. Barbour's translation of "Boris Godunov" (Columbia, $3), with the Russian *en face,* gives the struggling student of Russian a fine text on which to practise with expert help, and an English version that triumphs in such key passages as the dying Tsar's speech to his son.

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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An Open Letter to Emerson

Continued from page 21

endow the individual human being with truly boundless potentialities. Because, as you expressed it in the first-person singular-universal of one of your shortest poems.

> I am the owner of the sphere,
> Of the seven stars and the solar year,
> Of Caesar's hand and Plato's brain,
> Of Lord Christ's heart and Shakespeare's strain.

How much of your limitless faith in man is condensed in this compact quatrain! And there is further evidence of it in much of what you wrote elsewhere.

Trying to give, in your own glowing words, these emphatic and representative expressions of your supremely optimistic faith in man, I have, perhaps, unwittingly confirmed the misleading impression frequently conveyed by a superficial reading of your best-known essays, namely, that you were the living embodiment of sweetness and light pure and undefiled; a native of an ultramundane land of milk and honey, fallen by mischance upon our sorrowful and bitter earth, and, consequently, congenitally incapable of finding fault with anybody or anything. To correct this erroneous impression, as well as to show that you were the most penetrating, detached, and unfaltering critic of American society during your lifetime, let me quote here what you wrote in your Journal during the panic days of 1837:

> The old wear no crown of warm life on their gray hairs. The present generation is bankrupt of principles and hope, as of property. I see man is not what man should be. He is a treadle of a wheel. He is a tassel at the apron-string of society. He is a money chest. He is the servant of his belly. This is the casual bankruptcy, this the cruel oppression, that the ideal should serve the actual, that the head should serve the feet. . . . Pride, and Thrift, and Expediency, who jeered and chirped and were so pleased with themselves, and made merry with the dream, as they termed it, of Philosophy and Love—behold they are all flat, and here is the Soul erect and unconquered still.

Or again, as you publicly and fearlessly stated in 1841 what still remains tragically true in my own days:

> The young man, on entering life, finds the way to lucrative employment blocked with abuses. The ways of trade are grown selfish to the borders of theft, and supple to the borders (if not beyond the borders) of fraud. The employments of commerce are not intrinsically unfit for a man, or less genial to his faculties, but these are now in their general course so vitiated by derelictions and abuses at which all connive that it requires more vigor and resources than can be expected of every young man to right himself in them. He is lost in them. He cannot move hand or foot in them. Has he genius and virtue? The less does he find them fit for him to grow in, and if he would thrive in them he must sacrifice all the brilliant dreams of boyhood and youth as dreams; he must forget the prayers of his childhood; and must take on himself the harness of routine and obsequiousness.

No, wise and universal and clear-sighted Ralph Waldo Emerson, you never closed your eyes to the harsh and brutal facts of everyday living. As you wrote so truly of yourself: "I dip my pen in the blackest ink because I am not afraid of falling into my inkpot." Firmly standing amidst your contemporaries as the serene teacher of the life of the spirit, you never faltered or compromised; facing the real as the prophet of the ideal, you calmly told the truth of whatever you saw around and within you. The America that you dearly and platonically loved was the ideal, the potential, America.

AND now, permit me to ask you some questions that lately have been going through my mind. As you have been for many years my greatest teacher of idealistic humanism and, as such, have time and time again fully answered some of my most searching personal questions, I do not hesitate to put these to you now in all sincerity and earnestness.

As you probably know very much better than we do ourselves, all the genuine defenders of liberty in the United States are engaged at present in a titanic struggle to protect, in one way or another, man's individual freedom, his intellectual dignity, his moral integrity, and his ultimate personal sacredness. Eagerly watching their strenuous and eager efforts, I have asked myself many times why these brave fighters never go to your writings for the right ammunition that they evidently need so much. Are they afraid of releasing into action the anarchic elements implicit in many of your principles of personal conduct? Can they not believe, as you actually did believe, in the divinity of

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possible practical consequences of your lofty disrespect for all the established institutions? Do they think, perhaps, that what you wrote about a hundred years ago is not modern enough, or "progressive" enough, or efficient enough for them to live for and think and fight with? Are the liberals and the democrats of this country today incapable of grasping your profound spiritual truths and of believing in them? Why don't they go to your overflowing reservoir of wisdom for the ample and richly satisfying ethical and metaphysical justification of democracy as a way of life? Could it possibly be that they seriously believe that such justifications are not at all necessary in the present world crisis? Should they clamor for American moral leadership in the free world and, at the same time, remain themselves disastrously ignorant of the vital truths that you so bountifully provided for that leadership? Are they so thoroughly drenched in time and so spiritually blinded that they cannot realize the immense practical efficacy of your superb idealistic wisdom? Or do they imagine for a moment that economic prosperity, industrial mobilization, large-scale production, military preparedness, radar equipment, rocket planes, and atomic bombs can be more useful today in defending and saving democracy and human freedom than the measureless hidden divine recources and the incalculable supernatural potentialities that you discerned so clearly in the soul of every man?

I put these bold questions to you in this open letter in the fervent hope that they will be read and carefully pondered by all the fighters for freedom to whom they refer. If they could be persuaded to go to your works to find in them what they so urgently need! In your conception of the divine taproot of democracy, for example, could they not find enough explosive thought irreparably to undermine the "ideological" foundations of all the existing totalitarian governments? For, as you so bravely put it, with perfect trust and boundless confidence:

> The root and seed of democracy is the doctrine, Judge for yourself, Reverence thyself. . . . Democracy, Freedom has its roots in the sacred truth that every man hath in him the divine Reason, or that, though few men since the creation of the world live according to the dictates of Reason, yet all men are created capable of so doing. That is the equality and the only equality of all men. To this truth we look when we say, Reverence thyself; Be true to thyself.

Just Published

MANY of the books described below, which cannot be reviewed in this issue because of lack of space, will be given more extended notice in early issues.

ADAM IN OCHRE. By Colin Simpson. New York: Frederick A. Praeger. $5. An account by a layman who went along on the 1948 Australian-National Geographic-Smithsonian Institution anthropological expedition into the Northern Territory of Australia known as Arnhemland.

ARISE, MY LOVE. By Helen Rowe Henze. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3. To prove that the noblest of traditions never die, here is a sonnet sequence of some fifty-two poems on a subject Mrs. Browning and Christina Rossetti had a nodding acquaintance with: Love.

CARNIVAL. By Barry Fleming. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3. A dream induced by narcotics is the springboard of this novel, and the patterns and shapes of a carnival are its symbols.

COCO. By Dilys Powell. New York: Oxford University Press. $2.75. A short biography, by his master, of a Park Avenue mastiff, or poodle, who was trained, clipped, and groomed into a plush career on radio and TV.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF O. HENRY. With a foreword by Harry Hansen. New York: Doubleday & Co. Two vols. $10. A complete edition of O. Henry's short stories and some selected poems. Herein are "The Four Million," "The Heart of the West," "The Gentle Grafter," "Roads of Destiny," "Cabbages and Kings," "Options," "The Voice of the City," "Sixes and Sevens," et al.

DR. VIPER. By Philip Gosse. New York: British Book Centre. $3.50. "Dr. Viper" was the nickname of an amiable English eccentric named Philip Thicknesse, who lived from 1719 to 1792.

DRAMA FROM IBSEN TO ELIOT. By Raymond Williams. New York: Oxford University Press. $3.75. A critique, from the naturalistic point of view, of the European drama of the last one hundred years.

FABIAN OF THE YARD. By Robert Fabian. New York: British Book Centre. $2.75. The memoirs of the famed Fabian, who retired in 1949 from his job as superintendent of Scotland Yard.

THE FAR COMMAND. By Elinor Chamberlain. New York: Ballantine Books. Clothbound, $2. Paperbound, 35¢. A novel about a captain in the Philippine constabulary who mops up the renegades still endangering the island of Samar after the close of the Philippine War in 1902.

THE FLOWERS OF FRIENDSHIP. Edited by Donald S. Gallup. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $5. A collection of letters written to Gertrude Stein through the decades of her literary Queenship.

FRIEDRICH FROEBEL AND ENGLISH EDUCATION. Edited by Evelyn Lawrence. New York: Philosophical Library. $5. A collection of five biographical and critical essays by eminent educators commemorating the centennial of the great nineteenth-century teacher's death.

GALATEA. By James M. Cain. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3. One of the masters of the bed-and-fist school of fiction here reworks a theme that appeared in a slightly different form in his "The Postman Always Rings Twice." This time we have a crooked restaurateur who tries to do away with his wife by overfeeding her, but is balked by death and a diet-conscious hired hand.

A GRADUAL JOY. By Alma Routsong. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. Clothbound, $2. New York: Ballantine Books. Paperbound, 35¢. A novel about two young people who marry just after the last war, attend college together, and learn that marriage, if it is to last, takes a heap o' lovin'.

IN MISS ARMSTRONG'S ROOM. By Elizabeth Corbett. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3. The time, in this novel, is 1900, the place is a small town in Wisconsin, and the central character a schoolteacher who suffers from unrequited love, keeps on, nevertheless, with her teaching, and eventually is found by Mr. Right.

THE MAKING OF A MORON. By Brennan Niall. New York: Sheed & Ward. $2.50. A study of how many of us are in the wrong jobs for the wrong reasons—a situation which tends to make us corrupt or mentally flaccid.

MY 3 ANGELS. By Sam and Bella Spewack. New York: Random House. $2.50. The current play about three convicts in Cayenne who effect some good, in their own bizarre way, for a family they have become fond of.

THE NARROWS. By Ann Petry. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.95. A new novel by the author of "The Street" dealing with the harassments and agonies of a marriage between a white woman and a Negro in a small New England town.

THE NEGRO IN THE CIVIL WAR. By Benjamin Quarles. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $5. In this examination of a largely untreated subject, Mr. Quarles, who is an historian, shows that the Negro indeed took a considerable part in the Civil War: there was a Negro regiment from Massachusetts, and, among other things, there were Negro spies, saboteurs, and nurses.

NEIMAN-MARCUS, TEXAS. By Frank X. Tolbert. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.95. A "profile" of the posh department store, which, since its founding in 1907, has done its share of giving tone and éclat to the Republic of Texas.

THE NIGHT THE OLD NOSTALGIA BURNED DOWN. By Frank Sullivan. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3. A collection of pieces by a reputable member of the old established firm of White, Thurber, & Sullivan, Inc.

PERIOD PIECE. By Gwen Raverat. New York: W.W. Norton & Co. $3.75. Miss Raverat is the granddaughter of Charles Darwin, and in these memoirs she recounts her earlier days in Cambridge, England, with an American mother and English father, the toils of attending English boarding schools, the freakishness of relatives, and social codes as remote as the laws of Hammurabi.

POETRY AND THE AGE. By Randall Jarrell. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $4. Mr. Jarrell, who is a good poet and a good critic, has here brought together a collection of his critical essays which first appeared in the *Partisan Review*, the *Kenyon Review*, and the *Nation*.

SAGEBRUSH CASINO. By Oscar Lewis. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3.50. Here is the story of legalized gambling in Nevada, and of how the suckers hop from sinkhole to sinkhole to dish out their quid for poker, faro, roulette, monte, fantan, bingo, 21, and the one-arm bandits.

SEARCH FOR THE SUN. By Charles Furcolowe. Cleveland: World Publishing Co. $3.50. A novel, which covers his inconspicuous life span, about a watery latter-day Babbit named Francis Slade.

SHEPHERD'S TARTAN. By Sister Mary Jean Dorcy, O.P. New York: Sheed & Ward. $2.50. An account of the eighteen happy years the author has spent as a Catholic nun.

THE SOUNDING BRASS. By Edythe Latham. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $4.50. The fictional history of three generations of a Southern family, in which paternalism and wealth mix with the magnolias and honeychiles.

STREET OF THE BAREFOOT LOVERS. By Joseph Foster. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $3.75. A novel about slum life in a Mexican town.

THEY HAVE THEIR EXITS. By Lt. Col. Airey Neave. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $4. More hair-raising memorabilia about how to escape from a German POW camp, by a British officer who escaped from various places with no success whatever, but on his last try made Switzerland and freedom.

THE TRAIN IN THE MEADOW. By Robert Nathan. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.75. This latest unfurling of Mr. Nathan's seemingly endless roll of gossamer involves a train speeding toward eternity filled with a heterogeneous collection of people that we would like to think are not a bit like you and me.

TWO STUDIES IN VIRTUE. By Christopher Sykes. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $4. Two long studies of that human rarity we call virtue, as it was exemplified by the works of the Reverend Richard Waldo Sibthorp, a nineteenth-century churchman, and by the Balfour Declaration of 1917. —W.B.

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Continued from page 20

J. W. Thompson, Charles Haskins, J. L. La Monte among them—who did not dare to use the term "Renaissance."

The title of his charming little book indicates his own attitude towards the Renaissance, which centered around humanism, with which he is in agreement with J. A. Symonds and Jacob Burckhardt. Whereas Lamont referred to the fifteenth century as the time of decline in literature, science, and the arts, Gilmore has an entirely different concept. In his admirable section on Erasmus he sensed the profound influence exerted by this outstanding humanist, who reflected the dynamic enthusiasm of the people in the Low Countries during the fifteenth century.

The last part of the book, entitled "Conclusion," starts properly with the optimism of the prince of the humanists. Here he writes: "The hopes Erasmus cherished on the eve of the Reformation may be juxtaposed with the forebodings of Aeneas Sylvius some seventy years earlier. The contrast is a measure of the changes in the civilization of Europe during those years." He refers to the period from 1454 to 1524, which was not at all "a waning of the Middle Ages," but on the contrary an age of intense expansion of Western Europe, expansion of the human faculties, of military and naval power, of capital with which to equip fleets, and of industry and commerce.

Gilmore wonders why "the small group of European peoples produced those institutions, ideas, and techniques which ultimately transformed not only their own but also all other civilizations." He doubts that we shall ever be able to understand this remarkable phenomenon. I wish he would read my own book, "Renaissance to Reformation," in which I believe I have made it fairly evident why Western Europe from 1450 to 1575 arose to such great heights of spiritual and material power.

—Albert Hyma.

A MEDIEVALIST'S MEDIEVALIST: Publication of volume I of Maurice de Wulf's **"History of Mediaeval Philosophy"** (Dover Publications, $4) merits a mention in the Good News column of *The Saturday Review* as well as in the department of Ideas and Studies. This, as every student of philosophy knows, is the one classic treatment of medieval philosophy. This is the standard work in its field, as it has been for fifty-two years. The first French edition appeared in 1900. The Ernest C. Messenger) of the sixth French edition, an edition which Professor de Wulf himself completed in full revision before his death in 1947. As a testimony to the importance of this work it may be remarked in addition that both the second and the fifth editions were also translated into English. The second and third volumes are scheduled for publication within the current year. The virtues of de Wulf's scholarship have always been apparent. For the unfortunates who are uninitiated we have a responsibility of indicating the three propositions which inform history: 1) Scholastic philosophy is distinct from Scholastic theology, 2) Thomism is only one form of the Scholastic patrimony, and 3) neither medieval art nor indeed medieval civilization can be understood without a knowledge of medieval philosophy. —Robert Bierstedt.

SLIPPERY SCOTTISH PROTESTANT: The two conspicuous figures in the confused welter of murder and theology that was sixteenth-century Scotland are John Knox and Mary the Queen, two extremists who hated but did not despise each other. In **"James Stewart, Earl of Moray"** (Columbia University Press, $4) Maurice Lee, Jr., introduces a middle-of-the-road politician who was despised by each in turn, but who was acute enough to make use of both.

Murray (the ordinary spelling) was the illegitimate half-brother of Queen Mary and a very capable tactician in his own right. He has commonly been treated as the slippery and unscrupulous middleman between Knox, who forged the Scottish Reformation, and the barons and pastors who wielded it bloodily and triumphantly; and as the venal and untrustworthy instrument of Queen Elizabeth's Northern policy. Dr. Lee argues that he was much more—in fact, that he was the indispensable head of the one splinter party indispensable for Scottish Protestantism, which in turn was indispensable for English Protestantism, which alone kept Northern Europe Protestant. Dr. Lee specifies that Murray was more "necessary" than Knox: if this is so, and the rest is true, it follows that he was more necessary than Calvin or Elizabeth —perhaps Luther?

Dr. Lee is too scrupulous to claim that even the first assertion can ever be proved. In his meticulous and exhaustive biography Murray assumes a higher importance than hitherto, but is, relatively, not much more interesting. Mary and Knox left wrath and mystery wherever they went; the air closes serenely when Murray has passed. —Robert Pearsall.

Good News

▶ India's [illegible] is building a great, new capital city on the fertile plain beneath the snow-capped Himalayas. This will replace the old capital city of Lahore, which went to Pakistan. It will be a city of superblocks, three quarters of a mile long and half a mile wide, each one a self-contained neighborhood with its own schools, playgrounds, park, club, theatre, and bazaar, and housing from ten to twenty thousand inhabitants. At the center will be a marketplace, department stores, hospital, museum, library, university and four colleges, open-air theatre, stadium, and six swimming pools. Truly a city of tomorrow!

▶ By next year the value of Indonesia's gross national product is expected to increase by $18,000,000 as a result of the development of small, consumer-goods industries now being developed with United Nations technical assistance.

▶ A total of fifty new agricultural settlements will be established in various parts of Israel this year, accommodating 6,000 refugee families. Thus does the great work of rebuilding this ancient land and resettling the persecuted of centuries go forward.

▶ Denmark has a new constitution, recently ratified by plebiscite. Among the fundamental changes was a provision giving Parliament the constitutional right to surrender part of its authority to a supra-national body such as the United Nations, the Council of Europe, or NATO. Thus Denmark leads the way towards providing checks upon the rampant national chauvinisms which are driving our world to destruction. Similar legislation was passed by the Dutch Upper House and should soon become law there as well. All political parties supported the new Danish constitution with the exception of the Communists.

▶ In New York City radio and television stations have pledged themselves to prevent a repetition of the "appalling display" of commercialism which pervaded last year's broadcasts of the Easter Parade on Fifth Avenue. —Donald Harrington.

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Psychology

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kind. The author is an eclectic, who makes every effort to utilize whatever data are valid and to appraise accurately those hypotheses that have not yet been substantiated. He has a basic respect for his reader and an understanding that there are social and economic ramifications to his personal problems. He takes the role of the family doctor and succeeds in doing it well.

MOST of his book does not, however, deal with the "everyday problems of life." It is devoted to a basic course in the psychoses, the neuroses, psychosomatics, abnormal personality types (his own classification), bizarre personality types, and other manifestations of psychopathology. Normalcy, as here depicted, is of the "clinically negative" variety. The goals of behavior patterns are to avoid anxiety. Life is depicted from the experience of the "sad, disturbed, neurotic people, confused and tormented because they have been trained to mortify and despise the flesh."

The latter part of the book, concerned with marital and sex problems, contains statements which Dr. Blazer would have difficulty in substantiating, as for example:

"Today 90% of all young women are not virgins at marriage."

"The undisputed statistical fact is that one daughter out of every two in America is crippled psychologically with frigidity."

"Half of the American women suffer from frigidity."

"Everyone masturbates before establishing regular sex life."

The great disappointment in Dr. Blazer's book is that its title, "What's Your Problem?," holds out the hope that it will be solved.

Which brings us to the basic philosophy underlying all these self-help books for laymen. Since all the authors agree that a book cannot help a person to overcome his problems, why are they being written? Most of them state that they wish to help the reader appraise the nature of his problem and so make himself amenable to therapy. But for what purpose, since all of them agree that therapy is now available only to a select few and that the rest must either accept what they consider second-class psychology and social work, or stew in

[illegible] personalities awaiting the day when they too can enter the portals of the elite?

The concept of normalcy given in these books is one with which many would quarrel. When Dr. Redlich tells us that "the normal person's feeling of wanting to go out in the garden and eat worms usually passes off within a day or a week," one wonders with whom he has been keeping company in the garden. We can much more readily accept the definition of the woman in the cartoon reproduced in his book who tells the psychiatrist, "I have neither illusions nor delusions, doc. My problem is that I exist day after day in grim reality."

What none of the authors tells us is that few scientific studies have been made of the personality structure of normal people. They have been pictured by analogy, by contrast, by speculation, and by hypotheses. Why these circuitous routes when the normal person is all around us? Probably because each profession has a traditional approach, which it does not care to relinquish and which it tries to stretch to meet a variety of needs.

IN order to write a valid psychological self-help book one must study the average person as a living, dynamic unit functioning in a fluid interchange with his environment. Basic to an understanding of the average person is a concept of whether or not he really is at the mercy of unconscious forces or whether there is some chance that he can approach his problems intellectually.

If we are to believe these authors, man is doomed. In their concept each of us has an overwhelming unconscious which must be explained to us before we can free ourselves to behave intelligently. There are not, however, sufficient guides for such explaining. Therefore, we shall continue to manufacture neurotics faster than the analysts can prevent us from doing so. There is no escape.

Nowhere in these books are we told that normalcy is qualitatively different from being "clinically negative"; that it has within it strength, hope, resiliency, vision, humor, fortitude, friendliness, good-will, and the capacity to love.

These three books do serve one useful purpose. If a person is truly neurotic or psychotic, he can read them to learn what the approach would be were he to consult a psychiatrist. They would, however, tend to discourage the normal person from making an effort to resolve his own problem. Instead of holding out hope, they would convince him that there is no hope.

Fiction

Continued from page 11

> though it would be my pleasure as well as my duty, to receive him, the expense of the journey is luckily a consideration which, combined with his gout . . . will probably keep him at a distance where affection can still hold her sway, unchecked by propinquity.

This passage is essential Fanny, and essential Thirkell and demonstrates why, in her gifted, limited way, Mrs. Thirkell continues to please even when her greater contemporaries cannot be endured.

Cagliostro in Israel

LONGEVITY AGAIN: Is a new fashion in subjects developing among the fictionists? Robert Standish's lead story in "Post Stories 1952" and Henry Myers's recent novel "O King, Live For Ever" both deal with longevity. And now along comes industrious Paul Gallico also setting up shop under the Tree that grew in Eden. His **"The Foolish Immortals"** (Doubleday, $2.50) demonstrates that he has lost none of his old carpentering skill; he seems happy to be working in wood, though in the matter of style and characterizations one wishes somehow he would take more to live oak rather than chestnut.

The main characters are eccentric old Hannah Bascombe, the richest woman in the world; Joe Sears, a Hollywood swindler with a cash register where his heart should be; Clary Adams, Hannah's beautiful but cowardly companion; Ben-Isaac Levi, a Polish Jew hoping to reach Israel; and his Uncle Nathaniel, a wise old farmer who in his earlier years had been both a rabbi and an archeologist. Energetically applying his tools, Mr. Gallico fences in all of these people in Palestine, where Sears, in league with an unwilling Ben-Isaac, promises Hannah that he will buy the secret of longevity from a mysterious tribe of patriarchs living in a remote section of Syria. The purchase involves a ten-million-dollar check, a battle with Arab bandits, a man who claims he is 410 years old, and assorted distresses of conscience arranged for and encouraged by Uncle Nathaniel, who can quote scripture even faster than Joe Sears can huckster an angle.

This is synthetic, coincidental, overwritten nonsense that a lot of Americans are going to enjoy anyway.

—CHARLES LEE.

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Continued from page 3

became a successful, status-conscious movie writer.

Having escaped soldiering (his criminal record prevented him from being drafted into Hitler's Wehrmacht), air raids, and unemployment, the olive drabness of our own Counterintelligence Corps rudely terminates the idyllic life of the young pair in 1945. Both are arrested as security threats. The last fifth of this huge book is devoted to the year Von Salomon spent in various American internment camps. (Ille was released somewhat earlier.) He writes that he is beaten by a member of a Texas CIC-detachment, some of his teeth are kicked out, and he loses a lot of weight. He is never properly interrogated but finally is released as an "erroneous arrestee." If we are to believe the author, the only anti-Semitic remarks in these camps, crowded as they were by SS personnel, are made by Americans. All of Von Salomon's scorn and indignation so subtly suppressed and sublimated into philosophizing during the Third Reich (when he gloried in *Nichtstun*, in taking no political stand or action) is now heaped upon the Americans. They are the real scum of the earth: sadists, black marketeers, anti-Semites, and just plain brutes. The author's only friend in these camps is the war criminal Hanns Ludin, convicted by the Weimar Republic in the famous Ulm Reichswehr trials, later promoted to the rank of a general in the S.A. and sent to Tiso's Czechoslovakia as Hitler's personal emissary. The book ends with Ludin's extradition to Prague where, according to Von Salomon, he is "garroted" early in 1948. Ludin's last words and the book's are: "Long Live Germany."

Sooner or later a book like "Der Fragebogen" had to be written in a postwar Germany that has experienced neither revolution nor a cultural renaissance but at best a strong restoration of the weak Weimar Republic. Salomon has always lived in a kind of political subsoil. No matter whether the Weimar, the Bonn Republic, or the Third Reich grows or decomposes in the topsoil, a Von Salomon can always be found burrowing under the surface.

BUT there is a deeper layer yet from which Salomon drew strength, support, and inspiration. This is the glacial sediment where Ernst Juenger, now fifty-seven, is dwelling. Even Von Salomon's perpetual frozen grin and his chuckle disappear when he enters the august circle of Ernst Juenger, the so-called Juenger *Juenger*. The master of these disciples has always been the poet of grandiose destruction. Salomon tells us at one point: "I never lost the feeling that Juenger was less interested in the nature and direction of my efforts than in the destruction I caused." Juenger, on the other hand, credits Von Salomon with much "mental vision" in his diary "Strahlungen."

Juenger's world is engaged in perpetual and planetary civil war. The two symbols around which his visions revolve are the *Materialschlacht*, the battle of materiél on the grand scale, and the *Schindanger*, the flaying grounds of the concentration camps. Common to both is the odor of the carrion pit. Juenger, the visionary, who writes with the coldest precision in almost hygienically clean grammar, and Von Salomon, the freebooting journalist, have a good deal in common. During the Weimar Republic they had sent messages of catastrophe to their bewildered fellow citizens. No democratic system, least of all the Weimar Republic, could satisfy the high voltage of their political emotions. So they fought the new pluralism and parliamentarism with galvanic acts and tracts. The violence of their destructive impulses by far surpassed the more disciplined elan of the Communists during the Twenties. It is significant that only two of these early extremists grouped around Juenger, Bodo Uhse and Ernst Niekisch, have found salvation among East Germany's Cominform publicists.

While closely allied politically, Juenger and Von Salomon operate on vastly different literary levels. The latter is at worst a Mickey Spillane and at best a Curzio Malaparte of political journalism, while the former is a mystical creative writer who rightly enjoys a high literary reputation throughout Europe. Nevertheless, both are now rummaging through the cultural wreckage that is Germany searching for things to salvage. Von Salomon's effort remains futile. Try as he may, he cannot recapture the self-consuming ecstasy of his youth. Even his snide criticism of the new democratization superimposed on an exhausted Germany by a Military Government ("democracy, thy name is dictatorship," writes another German chauvinist) has a hollow ring. He provides his readers nationally humiliated and frustrated like himself with some feeling of *Schadenfreude*, forever the sneering triumph of the debunker, but he gives them nothing for the future.

—*Burck in the* Chicago Sun-Times.

"Reveille?"

THIS, however, is just what Juenger tries to do in his recent book "Der Waldgang." To his old mythical types of the unknown soldier and the faceless machine operator he now adds the forest rambler, a sort of William Tell of the twentieth century. But this new model also resembles the Sicilian bandit Guiliano. It is a catch-all figure, a cure-all for every private and public ill of our age. The title page tells us pointedly that "Der Waldgang" is written for the "here and now," but the function of the forest rambler cannot be defined in terms of space and time. He lives in woods or cities; in 1984 or today; he is an active guerilla fighter (armed with "weapons secured by a world power") and a passive sufferer; solitary yet organized; powerful yet impotent; wily yet guileless, like Siegfried.

Let's see now. This Tell-Guiliano-Siegfried model we are told represents "the old freedom disguised by time; the essential, elementary freedom which awakens in healthy populations when tyrannies of parties or foreign conquerors oppress a country . . . the forest rambler experiences a new solitude as it is produced, *above all* [my italics] by a satanic, innate wickedness . . . the walk in the woods bears a closer relationship to freedom than any armament; gives life to the original will to resist; only volunteers will be qualified to perform; they will defend themselves under any circumstances no matter whether they are prepared, armed, or called by the state. Thus they give a demonstration of their freedom, existentially as it were. . . . People never lose the hope for new Dietrich or a new Augustus—for a potentate whose

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mission is announced by a new constellation in the skies. They know that a myth lies as a golden hoard right under the surface of history."

If these sentences are read in conjunction with yesterday's headlines—the arrest of ex-Nazis by British Public Safety officers—an alarming but rash question presents itself: "Is Juenger preparing the ground for a new Führer or prescribing a program for a new underground?" The most likely answer is no. For one thing, Juenger is far too *dégagé* as a writer. What is more, political guilt by literary association can, of course, never be adduced as conclusive evidence, even if such conspirators as the arrested Naumann should confess to be faithful Juenger devotees.

The phenomenon of these nationalist writings must be put into the proper perspective. There have of late been too many efforts to focus exclusively on ex-Nazis and neo-nationalists—HICOG's public opinion poll, given more prominence by the press some months ago than it deserved, is one such example. While specific activities of this sort have been in sharp focus, the outlines of the general picture have remained rather blurred. So let us hasten to add that Ceram's "Gods, Graves, and Scholars" and "Kon-Tiki" have sold as many copies in Germany as Salomon's "Questionnaire" and far more than the recent Juenger books; Frank and Ernestine Gilbreth's "Cheaper by the Dozen" has reached the 175,000 mark in the Bonn Republic and "The Little World of Don Camillo" is doing hardly less well; Kafka and Hemingway are enjoying an unrivaled renaissance; new editions of Robert Musil, Hermann Broch, and Hugo von Hofmannsthal are available and being bought in considerable quantities. The total sales volume of the German publishing industry in terms of marks has now reached the 1931 figures—a respectable achievement. It is true that the price level is now considerably higher but it must also be remembered that the available sales area has shrunk by about one third due to the loss of Eastern Germany to Western publishers.

To be sure, economic recovery has gone hand in hand with political restoration. Kafka's and Hemingway's comeback was paralleled by Guderian's and Papen's. Guido Kolbenheyer, who used to give public readings of his works at the Nuremberg party rally, and Friedrich Blunck, ex-president of Goebbels's Writers Chamber, are back. So are Werner Beumelburg, Hans Grimm, Gieselheer Wirsing, and many other stars of Nazi literature.

IN LITERARY writings Germany is as extramural as it always was. In political writings the intramurals are hard to beat. Here are some of their targets: The Morgenthau Plan (it was never applied), the Nuremberg trials (most of the imprisoned have been freed by amnesties), President Roosevelt (William H. Chamberlin's "America's Second Crusade" is being very well received in the Federal Republic), and the collective guilt theory (it *was* indeed a mistake). Only a very few Americans escape unscathed from these German attacks. First and foremost among these is *Panzergeneral* George Patton. His famous remarks to the effect that the differences between Nazis and anti-Nazis are the same as the ones between Democrats and Republicans in the United States won him the undying admiration of Von Salomon and Ribbentrop's former protegé Peter Kleist. These statements, incidentally, cost Patton his post as military governor of Bavaria. It was Dwight D. Eisenhower who forced his removal. Herbert Hoover comes off lightly too. He is given much credit for stopping the dismantling of German industry. Our ex-commandant of Berlin's U.S. sector, Brigadier General Frank L. Howley, whose recent book "Your War for Peace" contains some rather startling ideas, enjoys much local popularity in Berlin for having given hell to the Ruskies. Among French and British statesmen only Chamberlain and Pétain are respected.

Much is made of America's abrupt change-over from the Morgenthau to the Marshall Plan. In this connection, Peter Kleist, in his pernicious "Auch Du Warst Dabei," recently wrote: "Thus emerges the grotesque picture of a reconstructed facade [with ERP funds] while the rear structure of the house is being dismantled [with the Morgenthau Plan]. The pages of the Morgenthau Plan were torn up," so Kleist blithely mixes his metaphors, "but some of its pieces were retained."

The total effect of all of these efforts is well summed up by Kleist, who tells his readers that "the German looks around and says No. He knows that his No is equivalent to putting his head in the sand. But this ostrich policy is better than losing his head. Above all he prefers to force a decision by this No rather than delay it through cheap optimism until the new catastrophe overcomes him [a new defeat of the German army]. He directs this No not only to the outside world but also to [his own government] . . . for Bonn labors under the misunderstanding that it is confronting [Allied] father confessors ready to forgive rather than a group of men who need Germany's confession of guilt in order to degrade her forever, as at Versailles, to a nation of criminals.

The ultimate negative aim, then, is first to undermine confidence in the consistency and sincerity of the Bonn and Washington policies and second to force a reversal of this policy through non-compliance.

The positive objective has been stated by the late Social Democratic leader Kurt Schumacher and adopted by General Heinz Guderian: "There is only one situation in which Germany would take up arms—if, in order to spare our country the worst ravages of a new war, the Western democracies and the United States were to defend Germany, that is all of Germany, offensively toward the east [an impossible formulation, even in the German original text: *'Deutschland offensiv nach Osten hin verteidigen'*] in case of a Soviet act which might unloosen a war. East of Germany, at the Vistula and Memel rivers, a military decision has to be sought with all possible forces." The significance of this highly revealing statement has been missed by all American analysts with the exception of Walter Lippmann. Its meaning is less obscure than its wording. The price of German rearmament is an Allied guarantee to help Germany reconquer its Eastern territories with the force of arms. The Germans, in Schumacher's words, are willing only to die for Danzig (where the Vistula flows into the Baltic Sea). The new French answer to this Schumacher-Guderian policy might well be the old one: *"Pourquoi mourir pour Danzig?"*

It must be emphasized, however, that few German nationalist writers go as far in their demands as Guderian. Most content themselves with substituting a new myth for an old one. The myth of Hitler's infallibility as a war lord has been punctured by General Franz Halder (in his "Hitler as a War Lord," which sold 100,000 copies) and by Werner Beumelburg ("Years of Grace"). In its place a new legend is created—that of Hitler as the sole culprit. What remains,

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1011)

CHARLES MALAM:
COUNTRY EVENING

High in the evening elm
The robin tries his notes.
Over the village floats
The simple theme he quotes . . .

He cocks his head to hear
An echo rising clear. . . .

While star by star the sky
Opens, and far and high
Eternity rides by.

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[illegible], is a [illegible] Socialism without Hitler, made respectable by decent generals, neutral ministerial bureaucrats, and aristocratic diplomats. The arguments of these writers revolve much less around political principles of the Nazis than Hitler's military strategy.

SO THE chickens have finally come home to roost. It was to be expected that as soon as anti-Stalinism increased in the Western world Germany's bargaining position would be strengthened. "To Germany had fallen," says the blurb of another new book (Juergen Thorwald's "Wenn sie verderben wollen"), "the historical chance to tear down the Soviet power structure with the help of the [Russian] millions." The pay-off here is the choice of the verb "fallen". As if divine destiny had singled out the Germans for this undertaking while Hitler and Himmler were patiently waiting in the wings for their providential cue.

The honor of the German army and the righteousness of Nazidom's anti-Communist fight (it was, of course, in reality an anti-Slav fight) are being rescued by these nationalist writers. In addition, there has sprung up, since the appearance of the Salomon book, a new concentration-camp literature. But this time the inmates are all Germans arrested after V-E Day. And the guards are all G.I.'s. By now the chroniclers of these new "war crimes" allegedly perpetrated by the Allies are raising their wagging forefingers and warning us that the day of reckoning is drawing closer. For this is their revenge. The raised forefinger of the Allies was once, and not so long ago, the most hated symbol of the collective guilt theory among many Germans. Now the shoe is on the other foot—the raised forefinger is on another hand.

This switch is as discouraging as it is inevitable. For it was unavoidable that old and compromised German elements would stage their reappearance at the very time when American policy had come around to accepting the ex-enemy as a necessary and mighty ally. In this cheerless picture there are a number of emphatically mitigating features. For one thing, the German nationalists are not the controlling force either in party politics or in political writings. For another, it would be wrong to speak of neo-Nazi literature in this connection. The far more accurate term is post-Nazi literature. For this motley crew of chauvinists has not as yet produced any new faces, voices, and hardly any new slogans. They are merely engaged in what might be called operation salvage.

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By Doris Nash Wortman

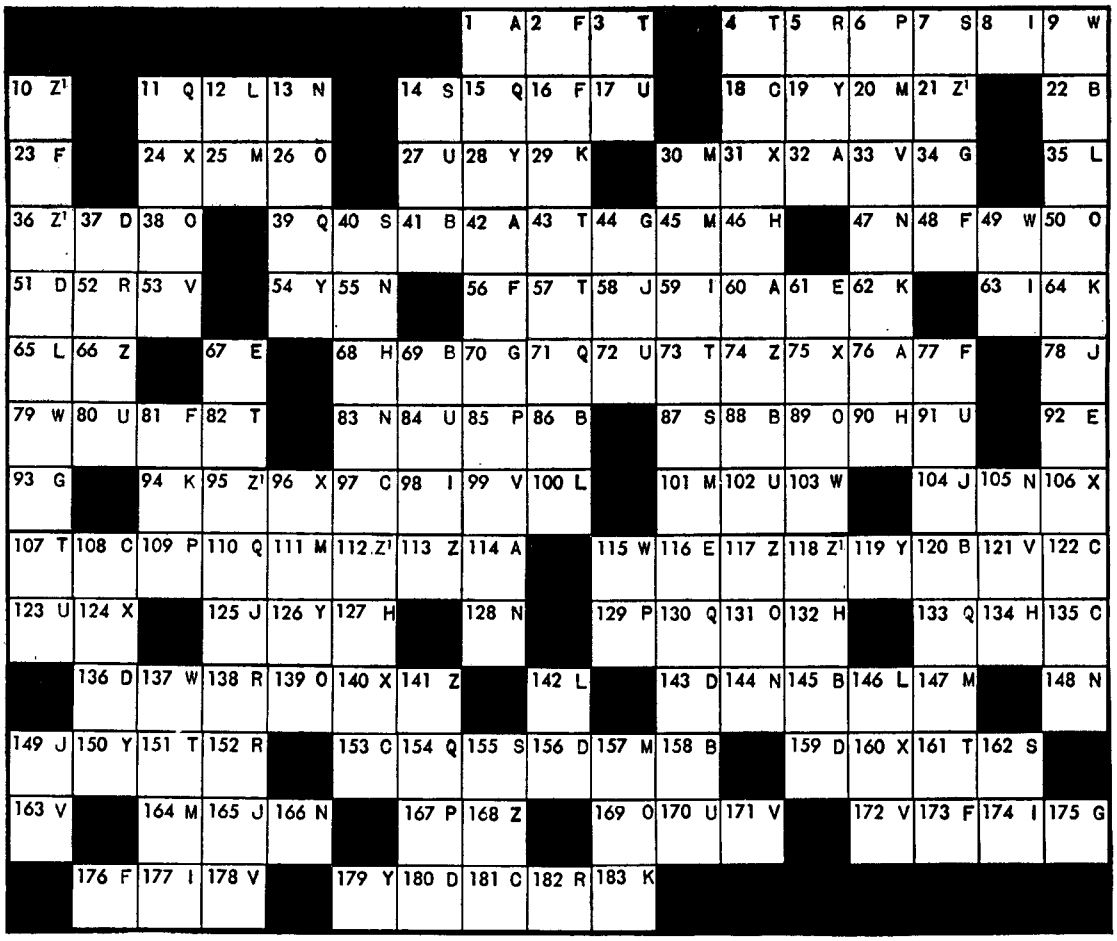
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Prominent Amer. surrealist painter and photographer in Paris; author of surrealist films (full name).	32 42 114 76 60 1
B. Food used as a relish.	88 41 158 69 86 22 120 145
C. Any liqueur flavored with fruit or fruit kernels, esp. one from Danzig.	97 153 135 181 18 108 122
D. Hag in Ibsen's "Little Eyolf" who is responsible for death of the hero (comp.; with "The").	37 156 136 143 51 159 180
E. Designation of ninth brightest star in any constellation.	61 116 92 67
F. A parasite; flatterer.	176 77 56 2 48 173 16 81 23
G. Occurring every eighth day (as in certain fevers).	93 70 175 44 34
H. Ancient dukedom of northern France which passed by marriage to Mantua.	90 46 68 132 134 127
I. Became fluid.	59 177 174 63 98 8
J. Second of Henry VIII's wives to be beheaded.	78 149 125 165 58 104
K. Toward the center.	94 62 183 64 29
L. A vessel's forward motion.	100 12 142 35 146 65
M. Number of the last amendment to U.S. Constitution (up to July, 1953; comp.).	101 30 25 147 111 157 45 164 20

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Stubbornness.	144 83 47 13 105 55 128 148 166
O. Kernel; central mass.	26 89 50 131 38 139 169
P. One of the highest order of Babylonian priestesses, female counterpart of the "en."	85 109 167 6 129
Q. An animal of little value because of poor feeding, smallness, etc.	39 110 133 154 130 15 71 11
R. Small, roofed theater of ancient Greece and Rome.	138 152 52 5 182
S. Defective.	87 7 14 155 40 162
T. Evincing savage ferocity.	107 43 3 4 73 151 57 161 82
U. Wealthy Indian state, famous for its diamonds, originally part of ancient "Golconda", and still prosperous.	102 17 91 84 123 27 72 170 80
V. Otherwise.	33 121 99 178 172 163 171 53
W. State of supreme bliss.	137 49 79 115 103 9
X. Marriage at an advanced age.	31 96 106 160 140 75 24 124
Y. With Word Z, the followers and imitators of Raphael (somewhat inaccurate use).	150 179 119 19 54 126 28
Z. See word Y.	66 117 141 168 113 74
Z¹. The outside coat of an artery.	36 95 10 112 21 118

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 40 of this issue.

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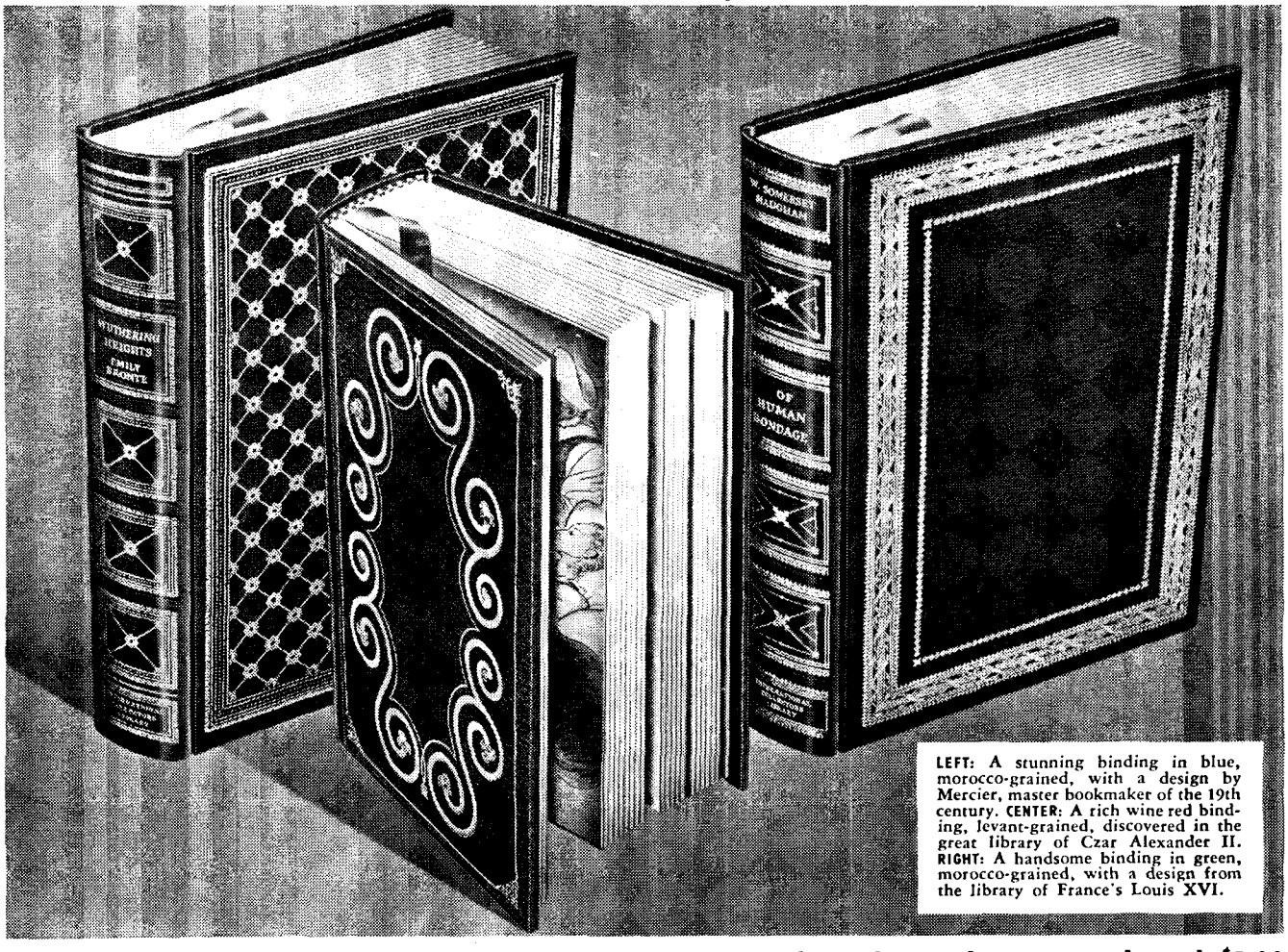

LEFT: A stunning binding in blue, morocco-grained, with a design by Mercier, master bookmaker of the 19th century. **CENTER:** A rich wine red binding, levant-grained, discovered in the great library of Czar Alexander II. **RIGHT:** A handsome binding in green, morocco-grained, with a design from the library of France's Louis XVI.

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